# The Centre Reporter.

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## THE CENTRE REPORTER.


FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.


Two years ago Cleveland carried New York by 192,000 majority. Now he loses it by 40,681, but carries it by a plurality of 1,149, counting the highest vote cast for electors. If votes are the measure of plurality, therefore, he has lost in two years 232,861.—Cincinnati *Commercial, crazy.*

What a lie! Cleveland, instead of losing on his Gubernatorial vote, had for President 27,836 votes more than he had for Governor.

We direct attention to the prospectus of the *Pittsburg Post* in another column. The *Post* has always been a favorite with the people. It is ably edited and gives all the current news. It is one of the staunchest Democratic organs in the state, and always sound in its views.

Temperance people can be as intemperate in their conduct as intemperate folks are in the use of strong drink. It is as wrong to commit an outrage and a murder under a temperance craze as under a whisky craze. The following temperance outrage occurred in Ohio, a few days ago:

The village of Bladensburg up to Saturday night contained a single saloon. A large concourse of the Prohibition element proceeded to the saloon on night of Nov. 24th, and after stoning the place for some time, gained admittance. Then one of the party threw a stone at the proprietor, a man named Chapin, the missile striking him on the head and fracturing his skull. All the liquor that could be found in the place was thrown into the street and burned. A physician was summoned to the aid of the wounded man, but when he arrived the man was dead.

The western cattle breeders had a convention at St. Louis, last week. The proceedings of the convention have shed light on this subject, and those who have followed the rugged but expressive speeches of the delegates are let into the secret. There is a vast tract of land in Montana known as the Crow reservation, upon which the envious eyes of the cattle men have fallen. They propose to lease this land, covering an area of over 3,000,000 acres, from the government, and though this transaction is presented in a child-like manner, the purpose is obviously to steal the land. Happily considerable opposition has already developed and the indications now are that the scheme will be defeated. But it was a neat job, and the government should put its foot down hard on that sort of steals.

Recently, one night, Mr. Blaine was serenaded at his home, and made a bitter attack on the South. In his letter of acceptance he said of the South: "The elements which separated them [North and South] are fast disappearing. Prejudices have yielded and are yielding, while a growing cordiality warms the Southern and Northern heart alike. Can any one doubt that between the sections confidence and esteem are to-day more marked than at any period in the sixty years preceding the election of President Lincoln?....If there be occasional and violent outbreaks in the South against this peaceful progress, the public opinion of the country regards them as exceptional, and hopefully trusts that each will prove the last." Something must have happened to Mr. Blaine since last July to work so radical a change in his view of things.

The Detroit *Evening News* says that the Lake Mistassini, recently discovered by F. M. Bignell, of Quebec, in an exploring expedition to British America, has been known for upwards of two centuries. The Jesuit relations for 1672 contain a letter from Pere Charles Albanel to his superior in France, in which he describes the Lake Mistassini at length in much the same terms as those used by Mr. Bignell. The rocky bottom of the lake and the islands it contained are dwelt on, and the size is said to be "so great as to require twenty days with a favorable wind to make the circuit of it." In an other relation the inhabitants of the region are described, and in still another notice is made of an expedition of Iroquois to the savages who dwelt by the lake for commercial purposes, this latter visit having been recorded in 1643.

The statement of the business of all the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company east of Pittsburg and Erie for October, 1884, as compared with the same month in 1883, shows a decrease in net earnings of $293,448. The ten months of 1884, as compared with the same period of 1883, show a decrease in net earnings of $827,736. All the lines west of Pittsburg and Erie for the ten months of '84 show a deficiency in meeting liabilities of $518,036, being a decrease as compared with the same period of 1883, of $1,681,247.

Embroidering material—Garmans.

### IS IT A MINORITY ADMINISTRATION?

Mr. Blaine, in his Augusta wail says: "I think the transfer of the political power of the Government to the South is a great national misfortune. It is a misfortune because it introduces an element which cannot insure harmony and prosperity to the people, because it introduces into a republic the rule of a *minority.*"

By what method of calculation or of reasoning, asks the *World*, does Mr. Blaine call the Democratic Administration about to come into power "the rule of a minority?"

President Cleveland is elected by a large majority of the popular vote over Mr. Blaine. He has a majority of 37 votes in the Electoral College, receiving 219 votes to Mr. Blaine's 182. He carries a majority of the States of the Union. In some states which up to 1880 gave heavy Republican majorities, President Cleveland was defeated by only a meagre plurality. He is backed by a large majority in the House of Representatives elected with him.

Has the Republican party ever been anything but a minority party?

Abraham Lincoln was in a popular minority on his first election of 946,940.

On his second election, counting the eleven seceded States, except South Carolina, which did not vote, on the basis of their vote in 1860, Lincoln could have had a majority of 873,245 against him. Those States would doubtless have voted nearly solidly against the Republicans.

In his first election, counting Florida, Mississippi, Texas and Virginia, which did not vote, on the basis of their vote in 1860, Grant's first election left him in a popular minority of 430,159. In his second election, the Greeley year, there was no test.

R. B. Hayes, of Ohio, for whom the Presidency was stolen, had a popular minority of 342,060 against him, was in a minority of 37, on the electoral vote, and carried only 18 States to Tilden's 20.

It seems like retributive justice that President Cleveland should have secured this year the same majority of electoral votes that were honestly given to Tilden in 1876, namely 37, and that he should have carried the same number of States as were carried by Tilden, namely, 20.

Garfield in 1880 was in a minority of 309,419 on the popular vote.

Yet in the face of the fact that the Republican party has never in twenty-four years represented a majority of the people of the United States, Mr. Blaine has the audacity to predict "misfortune" because the rule of President Cleveland, who has a fourfold majority—in the popular vote, in the electoral vote, in the States and in the House of Representatives elected with him—is, forsooth, to be the "rule of a minority."

Truly, the Fisher letters did not exhaust Blaine's effrontery any more than the Hocking Valley falsehoods exhausted his mendacity.

The Milton *Economist* speaking of the ox-roast and illumination in that town in honor of Cleveland's election says:

Unquestionably the most brilliant piece of illumination in the town was that extending outward from the residence of Col. J. G. Kurtz, in the southern part of Milton. It being a dark night, this single piece, forming a perfectly shaped star, measuring eight feet across the points and representing the national colors of red, white and blue within its five points, at once elicited the admiration of all observers. The centre field inside of the blue contained the following inscription: "Men for Honest Government!" The left and right points, standing east and west, contained, respectively the names of Cleveland and Hendricks, the lower left point the name of Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, and the right lower point that of our esteemed townsman and Republican member-elect to Congress, Hon. Franklin Bound, while fifth very significantly pointing heavenward, expressed preference from among all other Republicans in the state Gen. Jas. A. Beaver for the U. S. Senate, and very happily the inscriptions as a whole, under the present condition of political affairs, seemed to meet the hearty approval of the entire crowd.

### NOT A THING TO BE PROUD OF.

[From the Boston Herald.]

The Republican party depended almost wholly for support at the South upon voters whom its papers say are so densely ignorant and superstitious as to fear they may be enslaved as a result of Democratic success in the election. This is not a thing to be proud of. The Republican party has had control of the Government during all the twenty years since emancipation. It should have done something to enlighten the negroes of the South so that they would vote upon something beside a blind instinct.


——Every body has dropped politics and the inauguration of Cleveland is the next big thing on the carpet. You want a good fashionable suit to attend the inauguration, and the place to get it and save enough money to carry you to Washington and back, is at the Philad. Branch, the cheapest clothing house this side of Salt river. Now is your time to buy.

——Wolfs guarantee all their shoes and will give you a new pair for every defective pair returned. You run no risk at all in buying from Wolfs


The Republicans, since Cleveland's election, are clamoring for Civil Service Reform—which means that they don't want to be reformed out of the offices. Now one of the main features of the Civil Service rules is that there shall be no assessment and no payment of assessments by persons in office to raise a corruption fund. Now as nearly all the federal office-holders have violated this important feature of the rules, why it is plain that the Civil Service rules demand that the whole caboodle of offenders be turned out as quick as possible under Cleveland. "Turn the rascals out," of course, and give us genuine Civil Service Reform.

The Illinois legislature is now a tie. The *Times* says: The evidence of fraud in the Second precinct of the Eighteenth ward is now positive and this was shown to Mr. Brand, wherefore he telegraphed to stop the mandamus proceedings, and he will not make an effort to obtain his seat. The *Times* also claims that the democrats will make no further effort to control the legislature.

The Democrats stole the Presidency through the southern states. Had it not been for terrorism, enough states would have been carried by colored voters to elect Blaine. In this way the theft was committed.—Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin*, rep.

You lie, and you know you lie. You can't cite a single instance to bear you out.

Will those Republican papers that are now howling for Civil Service Reform guarantee to the Democracy a fair apportionment? Don't all answer at once.

Hayes may make up his mind one of these days to send to Mr. Tilden his check for $200,000, conscience money, amount of Tilden's salary drawn by the Fraudulent.

### ANSWERING MR. BLAINE.

*Southern Colored Republican Leaders Correcting Blaine's Reckless Slanders on the South.*

[Interview of W. A. Pledger, colored Chairman of the Georgia Republican State Com.]

I believe that Cleveland's administration will be characterized by such conservatism as will make it one of the most successful in the history of our Presidents. In this view I have with me many of the most prominent colored Republicans throughout the South. We made every effort to elect Mr. Blaine because he was the candidate of the Republican party, and the colored people have always voted with that party. Since the defeat our people have been more than gratified at the course of our white Democratic friends. Nothing but the kindest words have been spoken for us. We recognize the fact that the white Democrats of the South are those among whom our fortunes are cast. I can safely say, in speaking for myself and 7,000,000 colored people of the South, that if Governor Cleveland's administration carries out only half of the promises which have been made before the next election the colored vote will be equally divided between the two parties. There is no reason why the colored vote should be solidly Republican. There is every reason why it may become largely Democratic. I number among my friends many of the most prominent Democrats of the State, and their kind expressions towards our race when harshness might have been expected assures me that among them are to be found the true friends of the colored man. This silly sensation about negroes being put back into slavery has, I am sorry to say, been spread among colored people. They now find that they have been imposed on and they have already become thoroughly reconciled to the election of the Democratic ticket. It was first started as a mere joke, but was looked upon by the more fearful in a serious light. We believe that the administration of Governor Cleveland will be a good one.

[From an Interview with Ex-Gov. Pinchback, colored, Collector of New Orleans.]

The condition of the colored people cannot be changed or affected in the least degree by a mere change of administration. I voted for Mr. Blaine, and there is no doubt that my personal interest and the interest of many of my friends and acquaintances would have been best subserved by his election. Nevertheless, in my opinion, the success of Governor Cleveland will do more to destroy race prejudice than ten thousand civil rights bills. I think the election of Mr. Cleveland will result finally in a political revolution in the south, which will completely destroy the colored line. New parties will be formed, composed of both races, in which each member will be equal.

### IT WAS THE CAT.

New York, Nov. 25.—Margaret Miller and Daniel Shea, neighbors, quarrelled this afternoon over a pet cat of Mrs. Miller's, which Shea considered a nuisance and killed this morning. During the quarrel Shea plunged a pocket knife into Mrs. Miller's neck from the effects of which she died this evening. Shea denies having committed the crime, saying that no one saw him do it.


——Ladies, don't forget to go to Wolfs for your dress goods. Their stock is first-class and sold at remarkably small profits. Good dress goods for 6 cts. and up.

——A great many fellows who went up Salt river first purchased their groceries from Sechlers, where only the best are kept. Persons who do not go up Salt river also buy their family groceries at Sechlerr, because they get them fresh and pure, and a trifle above wholesale for cash.


Blaine's attempted scare about Cleveland's election and the misery to follow won't amount to much after all—we see an account of a negro woman in one of the western counties, who is gradually turning white. This surely ought to put Blaine to shame.

Rev. Burchard, in a recent Sunday evening) service asked the question, "Why am I not in Heaven?" The answer we would make is, that Heaven has no room for the person who blabbers politics instead of religion.

All the mills at Fall River, Mass., and works at Pittsburg are starting up again.

A fellow who voted against Curtin, in Elk county, the day after the election wrote to Mr. Curtin asking for an appointment. That's cheek, and there are others who will look for favors from the same quarter after working for Curtin's defeat.

Hill Valley has a life-long Democrat who voted for Blaine this year, in order to be on the winning side, and now he feels like hiring some big fellow to give him a good kicking.

The woolen mills and other mills in New Hampshire are starting up again.

### EYES GOUGED OUT.

*Awful Crime of a Drunken Shoemaker.*

New York, Nov. 28.—John McCerron, of No. 410 East Eighteenth street, returned home after a prolonged debauch, at one o'clock this morning and, as usual, began to quarrel with his wife, a delicate woman twenty-five years old, who was nursing an infant, a little more than one month old. He was very jealous of her good looks and stylish appearance and frequently beat and kicked her. After he had satisfied himself he threw her back into the bed and then went to sleep himself on a lounge. At 6 o'clock this morning he again dragged her out of bed and ordered her to prepare breakfast. She said she was so weak and ill that she could hardly stir. The brute threw her upon the lounge and grasped her by the throat until her face became almost purple. Then he put his thumbs into the sockets of her eyes and almost gouging the optics out of their places, said: "I'll pull your eyes, and give them to the children for marbles."

The poor woman screamed in her agony, and the other tenants of the house ran to her assistance, but the doors of the apartment were locked. A couple of men broke in the door and pulled McCarron away. Others of them wished to go for the police, but the woman begged them not to do so. However, a policeman did enter her room, but she refused to make a complaint, and the neighbors left her alone. When he returned at 12 o'clock his wife was lying on the sofa nursing an infant. The other child, a boy six years old, was lying on the floor.

"Where's my dinner?" he said.

"I am too weak to get it ready," she replied.

"Then I'll fix you. You have been flirting and going with other men. I'll see that you will not do it any more."

He caught her by the hair, threw her on the floor and chocked her. She tried to scream, but was unable. The picking up a shoemaker's awl, he lifted her eyelids and pierced the pupils to the hilt of the weapon, saying: "I'll blind you for life, anyhow."

Then pain gave her voice, her screams again brought the neighbors to the room. They summoned Officer Jennings, of the 18th precinct, who found upon entering the room, that McCarron had fled. The officer traced him to the wharf and found him hiding in a coal bin. McCarron raised his shovel when the policeman appeared, but the officer drew his revolver, and he surrendered. An ambulance took Mrs. McCarron to Bellevue Hospital. The doctors say that the woman will be blind for life if she recovers, and the latter is only hoped for. McCarron will be remanded probably to await the result of his wife's injuries.

### A FATHER POISONS HIS FOUR CHILDREN AND HIMSELF.

Springfield, Ohio, Nov. 27.—Dr. John Maxwell yesterday afternoon after sending his wife to town to shop, administered to his four children aged from four to fourteen yeas, a mixture of aconite and chloroform. He then placed clothes saturated with chloroform over their faces and placed them on a bed. He administered a similar dose to himself and laid down to die with them. When Mrs. Maxwell returned the oldest girl was dead and the others were unconscious.

Assistance was summoned and every effort was made to revive them, but during the night two more of the children died. Maxwell revived somewhat and was placed in jail.

He refused to talk. He had written letters saying he was tired of life and wanted the children to go with him to avoid suffering. He had recently been indicted for libelling another physician, and this, together with business embarrassments, is supposed to have incited him to the act.

### HANGING BY A NAIL IN MID-AIR.

Washington, Nov. 29.—One of the men employed on the Washington Monument by name of James. W. Williams, had a narrow escape from death to-day. He was standing on one of the inside scaffolds near the top of the shaft when he fell off. Luckily, however, the sleeve of his coat caught on a nail, which projected from another scaffold about ten feet below, and there he hung suspended until rescued by his fellow workmen. Had the nail given way or torn through his sleeve he would have fallen a distance of over 500 feet.


Cold feet—two feet of snow. Bad cold—one settled on the lungs. Good cure Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine. 2


### A $47,000 FIND.

Danville, Nov. 29.—Frank Lewis and Jacob Gearhart, workingmen who were thrown out of steady employment by the business depression, went down the river several days ago to dig for roots which are in demand by pharmacists. Three miles below this place there is an island in the middle of the stream, which attracts attention in summer by the luxurious growth of vegetation which it displays, being uninhabited and uncultivated. Lewis suggested that they dig for roots there, as the different shades of green which he had noticed in the warm season indicated an unusual variety of herbage. Gearhart consented, and they hired a row boat and went to work. They had not dug long when they came upon a metal box. Eagerly breaking it open with their picks they found it contained coins amounting to nearly $47,000, including $16,000 in Mexican silver dollars, $30,000 in gold doubloons and $1,000 in small silver coins, which will need some polishing to make them passable. The general supposition is that the money was placed there by Captain Kidd during the sixteenth century. He was at one time hard pressed on the Chesapeake Bay by other pirates, entered the Susquehanna river and sailed up to Crook's Riffles, which at that time formed part of the island.

### ATE HIS CROW AND KIKED IT.

*A Massachusetts Republican Paying a Bet Made Before the Election.*

Just before the Presidential election, when party politics were at their height in Newton, and when the Blaine men were willing to make any kind of a bet, so certain were they of the election of the Republican candidate, an engagement was entered into between Charles Hill and Dr. Fred. Webber, of that city, that in the event of the election of Gov. Cleveland Mr. Hill was to eat a crow, and if Blaine was the successful candidate Dr. Webber was to perform a similar act. A crow was shot and taken to Young's hotel, where it was prepared for the feast. The bird was nice and plump, and not one of the "poor as a crow" kind. Mr. J. T. Ford, the steward, stuffed and roasted the bird, which when ready for the table, was about two-thirds the size of a roasted grouse. About 20 other men sat at the table and enjoyed a square meal while Mr. Hill ate his crow. On the front of the menu card was the following:

YOUNG'S HOTEL, SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 84.
BLAINE CROW DINNER.
Chas. Hill, Masticator of the bird.
Dr. Fred. Webber, Winner.

On the back was the following song, which was sung by the company:

There was a young man from Maine,
Who made a rash bet upon Blaine.
He said he'd eat crow if the State did not go
For James G. Blaine, of Maine.

Mr. Hill had dieted for a day or two in order to get up an appetite for crow, but when the smoking bird, done just to a turn, was set before him, the task proved an easy one. He ate all except the bones with a good relish. A grouse, cooked in the same way, was then set before him for gastronomic comparison. Mr. Hill declared the first bird to have been of better flavor. The company thereupon began to lay wagers that Mr. Hill had eaten no crow at all. This was the impression until the steward was sent for and solemnly affirmed that the first bird was a genuine crow. Mr. Hill, therefore, like some more prominent Massachusetts politicians early in the Republican campaign, not only ate his crow, but declared that he liked it.

Edison, the inventor, has made the following prediction: "As to the chages which will be effected by electricity within fifty years in the city of New York, I would say that I believe electricity will propel the cars of the street and elevated roads, light the city within and without its buildings, furnish power for all purposes, work telephones and burglar alarms, deliver the mail, convey parcels, detect and signal fires, operate fire engines, and possibly displace animal locomotion for vehicles."

Attention is being directed again to the French process some time since proposed, of protecting iron surfaces against rust. A very fine powder of metallic zinc is mixed with oil and a siccative, and is applied to the iron by means of an ordinary brush. In many cases a single coat is sufficient for the purpose, while two coats may be relied upon to secure a protection against the corrosive action of the atmosphere, as well as of sea water. The zinc coating gives the iron a steel gray appearance, and does not interfere with subsequent painting. A good mixture consists of eight parts, by weight, of zinc, seventy-one of oil, and two of a siccative, to be prepared only as wanted for use.

A Zanesville (Ohio) correspondent writes to the Scientific American that dogs may not only be made profitable in mines by being taught to draw small carts, but it is entirely feasible to teach them to patrol mines as detectors of the presence of fire damp or natural gas. A dog of sixteen or twenty inches high is recommended as likely to be most servicable in the work, but he should be trained by the watchman so as to be always ready to make rapidly the rounds of the mine before the watchman starts. The plan is to send the dog through the mine. If he returns it will be known that the mine is safe. Failure of doggy to come back indicates danger from gas.

### GOING TO MILLING? MARRIED.

MILLER—MILLER.—In Lewistown, at the St. Charles Hotel, Nov. 20, by Rev. O. O. McClean, D. D., Wm. H. Miller and Leah L. Miller, both of Bratton twp., Mifflin county.

MILLER—MILLER.—In Lewistown, at the St. Charles Hotel, Nov. 20, by Rev. O. O. McClean, D. D., D. A. Miller and Maggie M. Miller, both of Bratton twp., Mifflin county.

——The cow-boys had a national convention in St. Louis, last week, and may be the next new political party, under the cry of "Come boss, come boss." They have sent a committee to the Philadelphia Branch clothing house to see if it is so that clothing is sold there for less than elsewhere in the United States. The reputation of Lewins & Co. has thus gone out to the territories and no doubt a good trade will soon be opened with the Philad. Branch.


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Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

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JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

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GOOD WEEKLY PAPER FREE.

We will send the *Chicago Weekly News*, one year, to any one sending us the names of three new Cash subscribers to the Centre Reporter, and give each of the new names 2 months (14 months) as a premium. This is a liberal offer, that leaves us no profit, but we make it as a trial to increase the list of the Reporter. Any one can easily get three names under the above inducements and be well remunerated for his trouble. Two half yearly subscriptions will answer for one, and 6 half yearly for 3. tf

1885. — 1885.

## The Weekly Post

UNDER A DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE VINDICATED AND THE GREAT WRONG RIGHTED.

THE PITTSBURG WEEKLY POST congratulates its Democratic readers on the dawn of a new year, under conditions that have not existed for a quarter of a century—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

Cleveland and Hendricks have been elected. After the fourth of March there will be a Democratic administration at Washington, with great possibilities for the progress, prosperity and advancement of the country.

As the POST has labored unceasingly for twenty-five years for these glorious results, so it will extend to the new administration a hearty greeting and a cordial support in its re-establishment of principles and policies vital to the public welfare, by reforming abuses, righting wrongs and asserting the supremacy of the Democratic faith. We are on the threshhold of important events and great changes. To a Democrat who aided in Cleveland's election, the future is full of interest and hope.

The WEEKLY POST will aim to keep fully abreast of the times in everything relating to the incoming administration. Its policy at home and abroad will be intelligently discussed, generously supported or candidly and kindly criticised. No year in the history of this journal promises to be so replete with matters of interest to Democrats as the one we are about to enter. The meeting of Congress, the declaration of the Presidential vote, the inauguration, the new Cabinet, the changes in the public service, the opening up of the books, all are of great concern. The WEEKLY POST will furnish the earliest intelligence, with judicious comment from the old Democratic standpoint. Success will not hamper it any more than a quarter of a century of defeat impaired its energies.

The session of the Legislature, with a Reform Governor opposed by a Republican majority, promises to be fruitful of important issues and exciting incident. The coming session of Congress will be even more interesting in its broader field.

In all its varied departments, the WEEKLY POST will aim at excellence and reliability. Its literary, miscellaneous, news and local department will be maintained in their utmost efficiency, while the market reports will be prepared with greater care and precision than ever before and made absolutely reliable.

Now is the time for Democrats to take hold, cement and strengthen the party and its chosen representatives, by extending the circulation of Democratic papers. We are no longer on the defensive—we are done with apologizing—the party to-day stands for a majority of the American people, and in a few weeks it will be called on to administer the general Government. Truth is mighty and has prevailed.

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### TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Old Time is the drollest of wags,
And puzzles the world with his rules;
He gave all to-day to the wise,
To-morrow he promised the fools.

At first he made naught but to-day
With its joys, its successes and sorrow,
Then to keep on good terms with the world
He promised he'd make a to-morrow.

The idle rejoiced at the news,
Put their hands in their pockets and slept,
Believing the promise of Time
Would be most religiously kept.

They never conceived that the rogue
Had promised to-morrow in fun,
So quietly went to decay,
Leaving all to-day's work to be done.

At last they woke up but to find
To-morrow was really a myth,
And thought what they'd do, when too late,
If they had the time to do with.

They prayed to old Time to return,
'Twas merely the wasting of breath,
For they found, as he laughed and flew on,
That to-morrow was nothing but death.

### THE GYPSY'S PREDICTION.

Ezra Alden was in love with Clara Scudder; and, sometimes, in moments of great exultation—for he was a modest youth, as every true lover should be—he had dared to think that she did not frown upon his passion.

But Clara was the squire's daughter, and an heiress, while Ezra was but a small farmer, and so far from successful in that pursuit, that it seemed absurd, as well as impossible, that he should aspire to the hand of the lovely Miss Scudder, who had been courted in vain by fine London gentlemen. So he had sighed and cast longing looks from his place in the choir (where he sang in a fine tenor voice on Sundays) into the squire's pew; and more than once he thought pretty Clara blushed brightly, and he knew well enough that she always smiled sweetly and her voice when she spoke to him, had a caressing sound, and altogether her manner toward him was not discouraging. But Ezra would not be encouraged. He felt it was useless for him to ask the squire for his daughter's hand unless he had a good pot of money in his own hand with which to back his proposal. So, instead of trying to compass the desired end by increased industry, he neglected his little farm more than before, and spent his whole time in wishing that he could find a pot of money somehow, in the manner of old-fashioned stories—at the foot of a tree; under the foundation of his house. I believe he would even have sought for it at the end of the rainbow, like the boy in the nursery rhyme, if he had been told there was a good chance of finding it there.

Suddenly a rumor spread abroad that a wonderful gypsy had appeared, who was telling people's fortunes that came true in the most remarkable manner, and all the countryside was in a state of excitement on the subject. She was of somewhat exclusive character, this madam gypsy, and could only be consulted in a certain place, in the shadow of a wych-elm, in the open air, and during certain hours these hours being between the last rays of the declining sun and the first shadows of coming night. Of course the rumor of the gypsy's marvellous fortune-telling reached Ezra Alden, and equally, of course he was much exercised in mind concerning it. He found out the place where the fortune-teller divined these fair fortunes.

One evening after watching the sun slowly disappear behind the western hills, he repaired thither, stealthily, and a little afraid of meeting Clara Scudder somewhere in the vicinity, for the wych-elm was just on the further side of the squire's park.

However, he met no one, except a hurried squirrel, fast speeding to its home, and it was even more scared at being met than he was, so he hastened to the wych-elm, and there sure enough, was madam gypsy, sitting curled up against the trunk, and looking precisely as if she were waiting for him. She was a very old woman, bent almost double. Her lined and wrinkled face was the color of butternut, and the tangles of her hair hung in elf-like grizzled locks about her brow, and over her cheeks. But her black eyes had a wonderful brilliancy and such a keen look that they seemed so see right through him. She was wrapped in a tattered old scarlet cloak, and a hood of the same was drawn well over her head. She gave a quick nod to Ezra, and motioned him to take a seat at her feet, which he did with his heart thumping as if he were before the Delphic oracle.

And when she spoke, he had to bend his head and listen very attentively, for not only did she mutter her words in a very toothless fashion, but she spoke in so low a tone that he had some difficulty in hearing her.

But he made out what she said—

"I was expecting you, my son, and I know what you come for."

And when she held out a hand even more brown than her face—a shaking tremulous hand.

Then Ezra made haste to cross the palm with silver, that being, as he well knew, the time-honored custom.

Ezra had in his pocket a half crown piece, with a hole in it, and a cross drawn on its face, which he had kept many years for good luck.

So, as there could be no more auspicious occasion than the present for using it, he timidly placed it in the gypsy's hand, and again bent his ear attentively to listen to her unintelligible mumbling.

"I know the desire of your heart, my pretty gentleman," said the gypsy. "It is a certain maiden, not a hundred miles away, only you have the faint heart that seldom wins a fair lady. But if you could find a pot of money, your spirit would be bolder. Listen to me, and obey me, and you shall have your wish.

Ezra did listen with all his ears, and as you may suppose, they were just then pretty long and wide and capable of taking in a large amount.

"You must dig up every foot of land you possess," proceeded the gypsy; "you must not grow weary in your search—you must dig and dig, continuously, and plant and harvest, and dig again if necessary; and mark my words, sooner or later, you will find the pot of money and the maiden will be yours." Ezra listened with faith, and departed with joy in his heart.

He fulfilled the fortune-teller's injunctions so well, that all the countryside took to talking of him after the gypsy disappeared. He not only dug but he plowed, sowed and harrowed.

He seemed taken with a sudden mania for farming, and work which before had been distasteful and monotonous, now that he had an object in view, was full of excitement and interest,

At first he dug and dug; looking for his pot of money; as it did not turn up he continued to dig, full of faith, and growing every day more and more interested in his own efforts.

"What on earth has got into Ezra Alden?" asked the neighbors, one of another. "Why, he has taken to working like one possessed. He's hired a man, too, and the pair of 'em are at it from the first dawn of daylight till nightfall.

"Whatever has got into him he's going to have the best crops of the year," answered one. "Lucky man. Just when there's going to be a rise in flour, too, and he has no end of wheat growing, and in splendid condition,"

"Why, Clara, isn't that Ezra Alden's farm?" asked the squire, as his daughter one day drove him past it, in her pretty pony carriage.

"Yes, sir," returned Clara, with a faint pink stealing into her cheek.

"Has someone else farmed it, then?" asked the squire. "There isn't another farm around here fit to compare with it."

The pink in Clara's cheek deepened to a lovely crimson.

"Oh, no, papa," she said, softly: "it seems Ezra—Mr. Alden, has just developed a talent for farming."

"And a first-rate talent, I should say," remarked the old gentleman. "A man who can show such a farm as that can hold his head as high as anyone."

Clara's eyes glowed and sparkled. She touched her ponies lightly.

Her happy thoughts rushed off into the future at a pace to rival even their fast trotting.

As the neighbors had foretold, Ezra Alden had particularly fine crops that season. His success at farming having also developed his commercial ability, he sold all that he had to sell to excellent advantage,

"Well," said Ezra, as he counted up his gains, and tied them securely in his money-bag, "I haven't found my pot of money; but this little pile is not to be despised. and I shall keep on. By George! I wonder if this is what the old gypsy meant."

Ezra had some time on his hands now for dreaming. He took to sighing for Clara once more, but in a much more hopeful spirit.

"I will speak to her father," he thought, "and if he gives me encouragement, I will ask Clara if she will marry me."

Now some young men would have thought it safer to win the daughter's consent first; but Ezra was too honorable for that.

"If the squire won't have me," he said to himself, "it's no use to ask Clara. She would never disobey her father. I shouldn't care half as much for her if she would."

So he took his money-bag in his hand and sought the presence of Squire Scudder.

The squire sat reading a volume in his handsome, old-fashioned parlor,

Being in a very genial mood, he received Ezra with the most encouraging kindness, and listened to all he had to say with a benignant smile.

"It is not a great deal," concluded Ezra, holding up his money-bag, "but there's plenty more where I found this, sir."

"And, pray, where did you find it, Mr. Alden?" asked the squire, rather taken aback.

"At the roots of my wheat and barley," answered Ezra, adding with a laugh—"to tell the truth, sir, I consulted a fortune-teller, and she told me to dig and dig, and I would certainly find a pot of money. I haven't found it yet, but I intend to keep on digging, and I don't doubt but what I shall find it by-and-by."

Squire Scudder burst into a hearty laugh, and kindly patted Ezra on the shoulder.

"I don't doubt but you will, my lad," he said cheerily. "Honest industry is the best pot of money any young man ever found. As for Clara, you can talk over that matter with herself—she's sitting there by the window, hidden behind the curtains."

Now that was dreadfully mean of the squire not to have given Ezra a hint of Clara's presence before; but he didn't mean it.

It seems quite impossible for these old gentlemen to realize how serious such matters are to boys and girls.

Squire Scudder rose with a nod and a smile, and went away, leaving Ezra in dire confusion, staring at the window curtains; and wishing the floor would open and swallow him.

But it didn't.

Instead, the window curtains opened and a lovely young lady stepped out from them.

So, Mr. Alden," she said coming forward, "you consulted the gypsy fortune-teller, too?"

"Oh, Miss Scudder—Clara—you have heard everything," stammered Ezra, sinking into the chair from which he had risen in his first consternation. "What a terrible fool you must think me."

"But I don't—I have great confidence in that gypsy's predictions."

"Then you consulted her too?" asked Ezra.

"Dozens of times she positively had all my small silver."

"Well she got but a single piece from me, that's some comfort," said Ezra, recovering somewhat, and venturing to laugh slightly.

"Was it anything like this?" asked Miss Scudder, producing one from her jacket and holding it towards Ezra on the palm of her hand like cream.

Ezra looked and started, and gave a little cry.

It was his own lucky silver piece.

He glanced into the laughing, blushing face; and then for the first time he looked straight into Clara Scudder's eyes.

They were very, very dark, and wonderfully brilliant; but this time they did not seem to look through him—they sank before his glance, and veiled themselves under lovely, long black lashes.

"Oh, Clara," murmured Ezra, "you were the gypsy?"

"Of course I was."

"And you knew I loved you all the time?"

"Of course I did, you foolish fellow—that's why I had to invent a way of telling you so."

In a year Ezra and Clara were married.

### Like the Days of '49.

What is claimed to be as rich a gold strike as has been recorded for years in Colorado was made by E.O. Moody ten or twelve days ago, at the head of Georgia and America Gulches, in Summit county, near Breckenridge, Colorado. It was the case in the early days that Georgia Gulch yielded the largest nuggets and the coarsest gold near its head. Knowing this fact, and believing that it was evidence that the source of the gulch gold was in leads yet undiscovered Moody left the scene of his early summer's successful prospecting and went up the gulch to where he has made his latest strike. The ground was covered by a placer patent, owned by Captain A. J. Ware, who made Moody a promise that he would deed him a half-interest in any valuable lead he could discover. Upon this promise Moody commenced work.

He followed every rich streak he found up the hill. By this means he has discovered three leads, all said to be rich in gold, but the last one rich beyond precedent. In sinking a six-foot shaft he got out dirt from which he panned out over $600 in wire gold and nuggets, beside a pile of rich ore, which is full of gold. Then he began tracing the lode and has opened it for 1,500 feet in a dozen or more places, and in every hole it is said to show the same richness. Much of the gold is on bunches of thin, matted wires, which the miners call "wool."

Moody has obtained his deed to a half interest, and is at the claim putting in eighteen hours a day panning out ounces of the yellow metal. Captain Ware is not a particle excited, but takes his good fortune very cooly. One gentleman stated to a reporter recently, with an entire abandonment to the magic of big figures, that Moody would show up $10,000,000 worth of ore in two weeks.

### Personal Journalism.

Benjamin Franklin the most succefsful editor we ever possessed and the wisest one, wrote on the abuse of the American press, as follows: "On examination of the Pennsylvania Gazette for fifty years from its commencement, it appeared that during that long period scarcely one libellous piece had ever appeared in it. This chaste conduct of your paper is much to its reputation, for it has long been the opinion of sober, judicious people that nothing is more likely to endanger the liberty of the press than the abuse of that liberty by employing it in personal discussions, detraction and calumny. The newspapers have set this state in a bad light abroad. I have seen a European newspaper in which the editor, who had been charged with frequently caluminating the Americans, justified himself by saying that he had published nothing disgraceful to us which he had not taken from our own printed papers."

### He Laughs at Locks.

"Locks? Locks wont keep burglars out. Why, I can open any kind of lock that has ever been invented, without key or combination." The speaker was a close-shaved, clean-cut, penetrating looking man. He stood in a locksmith's shop on Fourth-and-a-half street, dangling the dial of a combination lock on the end of a bent wire.

"Do you make a practice of breaking open safes?"

"I open safes when nobody else can. That is, I open safes when the locks are out of order or the combinations lost. Sometimes a man will oil the lock of his safe and it gets gummed up so that the tumblers won't work and he can't get it open. Some men are forgetful and lose their combination, Safes are sold at sheriff's sales sometimes and, the owner being mad, wont give up the combination. When anything of that kind happens they send for me."

"Do you blow them open?"

"No. If the lock is broken so that it wont work I drill a little hole alongside the dial and pick the lock with a small bit of wire If the lock is all right, only the combination is lost, I go to work to find it and don't deface the safe at all. It takes me from three seconds to six hours to open a safe, according to the kind and the method I employ."

"But how can you find the combination. Does it not take a long time?"

"By testing. As to time, it depends upon circumstances. If I know the man who set the combination I can find it in a very few minutes. If I don't, it takes longer. You see, I study the character of the man, and if I know him pretty well I can strike his combination through his character. When a stranger comes to me to say he has lost his combination I make a study of him, and in nine cases out of 10 I can hit it the second or third trial. But if he did not set the combination himself it is more difficult. Then I study the lock instead of the man, and I am sure to get it open in a few hours. Oh, no! It wouldn't do to tell you how. Safe openers are dangers in a community. They are always watched by the police. They keep an eye on me all the time. I have them trying my door all hours of the night, and there's generally one somewhere around. No, I couldn't teach you how to open safes. But you might not find it easy to learn. There is a kind of association between me and locks—an understanding as it were. We have the same way of thinking."

"Could you open a burglar-proof time lock?" asked the scribe.

"I can open the best lock that was ever made in five or six hours. These little office safes I wouldn't put that much time on; they don't pay enough. I just take a hammer and break the knob off and can get into the safe in about three seconds."

"What do you get for opening a safe?"

"For a little three second safe I get $10. For a large safe such as they have in banks and brokers' offices, and where they don't want the lock injured I get $250.

"Could you open the great safe in the United States treasury?"

"Easily. I could get rid of the time lock and everything in six or seven hours, and wouldn't make any particular fuss about it either. No safe was ever made but it had some weak point known to the maker, so he could get into it in case the lock should refuse to respond. If there wasn't they would have to break the concern all to pieces if the lock broke. Now I know where to find these weak places. I can strike within a quarter of an inch of it every time. It is generally covered over by a thin sheet of steel or boiler iron, and by cutting away a block three or four inches, which is easily done, I could drill into the best safe that has ever been made. It would not be any trouble for burglars to get into the treasury safe if they understood locks as I do."

### The World's Granite.

All over the United States, in the larger cities may be seen great buildings, handsome and costly specimens of architecture, and structures which are marvels of engineering skill, the carved and polished walls and towers of which once lay in ragged masses on a little island far out in the bosom of Penobscot Bay in Maine. This island is the southerly of a picturesque pair known as North Fox and South Fox, each being incorporated as a town, named respectively North Haven and Vinalhaven. It was as long ago as 1765 that South Fox saw its first white settlers, and twenty-four years afterward it was incorporated as a town, named as above for John Vinal, Esq., of Boston, some of whose relatives yet live on the island. The southerly half of this seagirt, town is one solid mass of beautiful granite, and the quarrying of this stone has created a pretty village of 2,000 people at one of the many snug coves—Carver's Harbor.

For nearly half a century stone for building and paving has been sent from Vinalhaven, but it was not until the decade of 1850-1860 that very much was done. In 1851 Moses Webster and J. R. Bodwell, one a New Hampshire boy, and the other from Massachusetts, went to the rocky island, and with a capital of about $300 began quarrying operations. They had few tools and no machinery, but got out the stone the best way they knew, and then slowly conveyed it to the shore on drags drawn by cattle. When the Government built two big fronts in New York harbor in 1852 or '53 the contract for furnishing the stone was given to Bodwell & Webster, who managed to fill the bill all right, and thus got a good start in the world. Since then they have prospered, and now do probably the largest quarrying business in the United States employing from 500 to 1,000 men, as the volume of trade varies, paying $25,000 to $50,000, a month in wages and keeping the whole island community happy and prosperous.

To see 500 quarrymen, teamsters, blacksmiths, cutters and polishers all at work, "hammer and tongs," is an interesting sight. Were it not for the fact that granite is found in strata of quite uniform thickness, quarrying would be a most difficult and expensive operation, and a great part of the stone would be wasted. When a quantity of stone is to be taken out the first thing necessary is to make a "head," that is to cut downward through the horizontal strata until a whole transverse section of a layer is exposed to the foundation. Then, at the desired distance back from this head, which resembles a ditch twenty to fifty feet long, the quarrymen drill what are known as "Miller holes" into the granite. A Miller hole consists of three triangular orifices, drilled closed together, and some depth into the stone. Generally one group suffices; occasionally two or three are drilled. Into these holes are poured tremendous charges of giant powder, which, when exploded start the whole mass of stone as far as the "head" from its strata bed. After that it is easily split up by driving little iron wedges into a series of holes drilled on the dimension line. Immense derricks, guyed up by heavy wire rigging, and operated by stationary steam engines, swing the stone from place to place in quarry, out of their reach rollers of iron and hard wood are used for the heaviest pieces. Ponderous trucks, drawn by 1,500-pound horses, go floundering along toward the cutting shops with great blocks triced up under their rear axles with chains. The truck wheels being about fifteen feet high, it will be seen that a large stone can be carried in this way without dragging.

### Courting Sticks of Old.

In early New England days, as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century, when hospitality was a practice as well as a virtue, there was in most houses only one large assembly room, and there the family and all the guests and chance callers gathered on winter nights about the blazing fire logs. We know that youth was youth, and love was love, and young men were timid and maidens were shy, and courtship went on in those days How was courtship possible in this common room where every word was heard and every look taken notice of? We read in the admirable volume on the recent centennial of Long Meadow, Mass., by Prof. Richard S. Starrs, of that town, in the winter evenings for the convenience of young lovers, since there was no "next room." courting sticks were used; that is, long wooden tubes that would convey from lip to ear sweet and secret whispers. Was this an invention peculiar to Long Meadow?

It is a charming picture that this calls up of life in a Puritan household, this tubular love-making, the pretty girl (nearly every girl is pretty in the firelight of long ago) seated in one stiff high-backed chair, and the staid but blushing lover in another, handling the courting stick, itself an open confession of complacence, if not of true love. Would the young man dare to say "I love you" through a tube, and would he feel encouraged by the laughing, tender eyes of the girl when she replies through the same passage, "Do tell?" Did they have two sticks, so that one end of one could be at the ear and the end of the other at the mouth all the while? How convenient, when the young man got more ardent than was seemly, as the flip went round, for the girl to put her thumb over the end of the tube and stop the flow of soul? Did the young man bring his stick, and so announce his intention, or did the young lady always keep one or a pair on hand, and so reveal both willingness and expectation? It was much more convenient than the telephone, with its "hello" and proclamation to all listeners at the end of the line.

### St. David's Day.

In days gone by St. Davids' day was observed by the royalty in England, and in 1695 we read how William III wore a leek on St. David's day, "presented to him by his sergeant porter, who hath as perquisites all the wearing apparel his majestic had on that day, even to his sword."

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasure consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

*Up or Down.*—An Illinois philanthropist wishes to benefit the poor by teaching them to eat their bread and butter with the buttered side down. He says that the sense of taste is most acute on the tongue, and that a very small amount of butter is satisfactory if put in the obviously right spot.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Counsel over cups is crazy.

A bow long bent, at last waxeth weak.

Humanity judges humanity by itself.

The way to get a start in life is to start.

Do not despise another because of poverty.

Do it well, that thou mayest not do it twice.

Malice sucks the greatest part of her own venom.

He who throws dirt must soil his own hands.

Talk to the point and stop when you have reached it.

It is not death that makes the martyr, but the cause.

There is no power of genius that can do the work of toil.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

True merit like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

The secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by the use they make of them.

The truly valiant dare everything but doing any other body an injury.

Choose brave employment with a naked sword throughout the world.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own.

There is a majesty in simplicity which is far above the quaintness of wit.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent self-sacrifice and quiet growth.

Genius follows its own path and reaches its destination, scarcely needing a compass.

There are always a few who believe in the quadrature of the circle and the perpetual motion.

Life consists in the alternative process of learning and unlearning; but it is often wiser to unlearn than to learn.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

Life, according to an Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness.

Observe system and order in all you do and undertake. Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend upon yourself.

Do not nurse your troubles to keep them warm, and avoid that uselesss and senseless habit of constantly referring to them in your conversation.

When Fortune comes smiling, she often designs the most mischief. When Fortune caresses a man too much, she is apt to make a fool of him.

We are linked both to the past and the future, and our duty to the former, well fulfilled, will best fit us to discharge our duty to the latter.

He that does not know those things which are of use, and necessary for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

Books are also among man's truest consolers. In the hour of affliction, trouble, or sorrow, he can trust to them with confidence and trust.

Perhaps your master knows what a capital plowman you are; and he never means to let you become a reaper because you do the plowing so well.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighboring plants—forgetting that it, too, like them, has its roots in the dirt.

He is poverty-stricken who is so absorbed in the one little inclosure of which he holds the title deeds that he loses his grasp on the bending universe.

Calumny crosses oceans, scales mountains and traverse deserts with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris, and, like him, rides upon a poisoned arrow.

Courage that grows from constitution often forsakes the man when he has occasion for it: courage which arises from a sense of duty acts in a uniform manner.

What I object to in Scotch philosophers in general is that they reason upon man as they would upon a divinity; they pursue truth without caring if it be useful.

To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if a man should put off eating and drinking from one day to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thoughts to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.

We begin life by demanding vast material for happiness; long before middle life the reasonable mortal owns that happiness is an elusive essence, rarely found when sought as an end.

It is a great and noble thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend: to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, and to proclaim his virtues upon the house top.

Real forgivness is that which we accord to a child who has been naughty and now is penitent. Forgiveness is the right thing from us all to each other. Full of faults and shortcomings we knew ourselves to be, cannot we forgive the like frailties in others?

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evil. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. Like the sudden, sharp cry of "Fire!" in the night, it should rouse us to instantaneous activity, and brace every muscle to its highest tension.

### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But she was rich, and he was poor,
And so it might not be.
A lady never could wear—
Her mother held it firm—
A gown that came of an Indian plant
Instead of an Indian worm!
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But he was high, and she was low,
And so it might not be.
A man who had worn a spur
In ancient battle won,
Had sent it down with great renown
To goad his future son!
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

### THE LITTLE MODEL.

It happened in the winter of 1870, that I was unavoidably compelled to leave college and spend a few months in retirement, hoping in the meantime that my uncle might be able to effect a compromise with the faculty. The nature of my offense has no bearing on this story. It was simply judged best for me to seek out a secluded place where there would be no temptation to the detriment of cramming. I chose Burlin, as being also Cousin Douglas' place of refuge. Here was his oddly planned house, all studio, where he went when the fever of work was upon him.

Half settled in my queer little hotel I stayed only to unpack a brush and comb before hastening over to Oakwood. A bright light shone from the irregular, one-story edifice. The inhabitants of Burlin pronounced Douglas' house heathenish, but it was only characteristic. There were three rooms, a vestibule connected by a heavily curtained archway with the studio proper (an enormous hall), beyond which was a tiny sleeping room with toilet conveniences. Floor and walls were of solid oak; there were great windows, through which sun shafts fell, giving the lion-skin on the floor a tawny, Eastern glow. In a corner, quite a day's journey from the studio half of the room where the easel stood, was a writing-desk; in another, the piano.

To-night a great fire was roaring up the chimney's wide throat. Douglas sat close beside it, stretching his thin, white hands to the blaze. I opened the door, after a clang of the knocker, and pushed aside the portiere to find him within, bending forward, his face, which had grown strangely thin since I saw it last, ablaze with some eager anticipation. It was not flattering to see the light die suddenly out, leaving a friendly glow enough, but one quite different from the sunshine of welcome.

"You, Jack? bad boy!" he said, taking both my hands and looking with quizzical indulgence into my crimsoning face. "They wrote me about it. Before I'd be 'suspended!'"

"So it seems you were, before my day." I retorted, plucking up courage. "I didn't draw caricatures, Cousin Douglas."

"No, lad, because you couldn't. Talents differ. But let by-gones go where they deserve and come to the fire." He piled on great birchen logs, and I settled myself in a crimson chair, in high glee. With Douglas I became younger than my years warranted and far happier. Nay, if I had kept with him my young mannish airs, should I not have been shamefaced at loving him as I did?

"Well, so you've come down here to work," going back to his own seat, and watching absently the uncoiling of the missals of bark

"Partly; to see you mostly. Douglas, don't talk about 'grind.' Everybody has been at me till I'm sick. Talk of your new picture" He started, flashing his eyes on me suspiciously.

"Who said I had one here?"

"Nobody. I know it. You haven't been down here three months, working yourself to skin and bones for nothing, Douglas, you look like a disembodied spirit."

"There are such things, I believe," he said, slowly. "Yes, I have worked hard." He clasped his hands lightly, and bent forward again over the fire. It was evident that he neither heard or saw me in my own proper person. I was merely a voice, calling out voices from his soul, some that had been long busy there among themselves. I stood in boundless awe of him, but I was never afraid. His gentlensss of spirit seemed to go through to his heart's core.

"Show me the picture, Douglas," I ventured.

"No, no; it isn't finished." Still there was some latent yielding in his tone.

"Oh, Douglas, show me the picture?" He still sat, reasoning with himself, as I could see. Then he rose, and put aside the inner drapery. "I believe I will. I couldn't show it to anybody else, but you are strangely to be trusted." Presently he returned, but without the picture.

"I think I'll tell you about it, first. You must know my full idea, and then judge my work. It is 'Starvation'—no, I'll bring the thing out and let you interpret." At which I could but tremble, for fear my stupidity and slowness of understanding should vex him. With that he drew the canvas forth and adjusted the light, falling back into shadow to watch me. But in a few minutes I could not, but note how his eyes turned to feed upon the picture, loving it and forgetting me. On the canvas lay a level stretch of land shut in by a mountain wall, and covered by a low dun sky. A lichened rock, here and there, gave some little variety of form, to be counteracted by the added monotony of color. A slight figure occupied the foreground, every streamer of its garments borne back by what you saw to be a keen north wind. I could not forbear a shudder. I seemed to feel the chill of those bare blue limbs.

The boy's arms were folded, and he confronted the distance erect and patient. The beauty of the child's face was beyond description. The skin was colorless, but of the translucent purity of moonstone, the black locks fell in heavy splashes, and the eyes held all the mournfulness and vastness of a midnight without a star. Despite the nobility of the face, placidly regnant, as it seemed, over physical pain, there was no pinched look given by extreme hunger; blue circles under the eyes, and cruel dents of the destroyer on the nostrils. Douglas was watching me again.

"There is more there than you see—I meant more than the death of the body. Look into the distance." Far beyond the scene of the picture—you felt it to be beyond the boy's range of vision—the sky had rolled up, exposing a rosy vista into a region beyond. There were faintly to be distinguished the outlines of faces—cherubic faces in joyful song.

"I have known many souls to be hungry," said Douglas. "There are more souls so than bodies. Some are starved. Take this child; what is in his face?"

I struggled to express myself, and ended by blundering out, "Everything."

Douglas smiled.

"Yes you see it; poetry, music, love of art, and the ideal. But the mountains hem him in from hints even of the beautiful. He will never reach it. He sees that and submits to his slow death like a god."

He stood with folded arms worshipping his work. I marveled at the power of love lying in artists for canvas and clay.

Is it all out of your own head Douglas? Zeus! what a head!"

"I had a model," he answered, hastily, carrying the picture back into the next room. Now go, Jack. Come to-morrow night. And mind," he called after me, "mind you don't tell living soul about this."

I promised and went not in the least offended at my summary dismissal.

I took it for granted that a genius might have moods that another man could not share. But what had come over Douglas? Bright as a star, sometimes an uncanny demon in mood, he had never before betrayed diseased melancholy. Some hard blow must have shaken him out of himself. My thoughts were interrupted when I reached home by finding a stranger in the hotel parlor. I was sure I knew him; he was Detective Smirke. I had not lived in a college town for nothing. I knew a few of the local celebrities, and prided myself accordingly. He was dressed in a suit of clerical cut and hue, and his face was smooth, both as to fact and metaphor. Perhaps the resemblance might not have suggested itself, had I not seen Smirke in a dress almost identical. I made an excuse for looking at the visitor's book, and found he had registered himself as Rev. Augustus Miller. Being young and on the lookout for adventure and mystery, I applauded myself for my intuition, declared that I was right and that Smirke had come down here to ferret out something. But as he soon asked for his lamp and withdrew I followed suit, and gave myself up to very confused dreams in which Smirke in a headsman's cap was executing my cousin Douglas for murder, while the boy of the picture flew away into a rosy heaven.

The next morning I was not at my books, as an uncomfortable conscience would have suggested. By no means. Occupied merely in holding a large volume. I was sitting on one side of the fireplace, while Rev. Augustus Miller, also with a book, had stationed himself in the other. Mine was heavier and more imposing, being a Greek lexicon; his seemed to be a volume of sermons. At length, when we had sat thus for an hour, and I was beginning to tire of my self-imposed espionage, he lifted his spectacled eyes, saying mildly:

"Young man, as the wood-box is with you, and there are no servants at hand, will you replenish the fire?"

"By all means, Mr.———hem!——— Smirke," I said, gladly throwing down my lexicon, and having the grace to choke a little over my young presumption. I stole a look at him, as I threw on the log.

The eyes were regarding me very searchingly, but the face had not changed.

"This is a calm retreat for a young man," he began, as I stood by the fire, watching the renewed sparkle. "I came down here to revise my commentary, in quiet, but"—. He stopped suggestively. The tone invited confidence, but I did not respond. And being very cooly impudent upon occasion, I returned, "I have the proof sheets of my treatise on Sophocles to correct. I fancy I hear old Sophocles calling me now. Good-by,"

When I returned, after a tough ride on a cart-horse, the only animal to be procured, I was told that Mr. Miller had gone for a walk. He appeared at the supper-table, conversing with men and maid-servants with unctuous affability. However, I had no time to watch him. I was off to see Douglas, having known too well by old experience that no one might interrupt him by daylight, when he had a picture in process of birth. Douglas was expecting me, and, not taken by surprise, in a more companionable mood. I noticed at once a change in the room's furnishing. Piano, easel, writing-desk, were in corners, turned with the back toward the center of the room. But I asked no questions. With men of my temperament, the eccentricity of genius accounts for anything. Let a man paint a picture or write a poem, and he may stand on his head in the market-place thereafter, without comment of surprise from us.

"I am going to entertain you, to-night, Jack," said my cousin, stretching himself out on a settle, his face flushed and eyes bright with a very apparent nervousness. "I mean to tell you a story, all true, too, my lad. I want to put it on your stalwart conscience to get it partly off mine. Are you ready?" I was, and open-mouthed with anticipation.

"A year ago began Douglas, with the musing tone of one who talks to himself rather than his auditor, I had the plan of my picture in my mind, all but the boy's face; that eluded me. I looked far and near for a model. I went among the poor and peered into street faces, all in vain. Last fall I came here in despair and gave myself up to waiting and smoking. Often when I have abandoned hope she seeks me out, as she did now. Perhaps I had been here a month, when one night my door opened and a child came in breathless—this very boy in the picture. As soon as my eyes struck his face I knew he was my model. He was painfully but sweetly confused, and though apparently an Italian, broke into very perfect English—that is, perfect in construction, though an accent betrayed his nativity. (He had heard I wanted a model. He might well have heard it, by the way, for I had told old Father Du Bois, hoping he might some available French face in his flock.) And he had come to offer himself. You can guess how gladly I accepted him.

"But there were conditions. I must promise to tell no one, ask him no questions, as to home or name, never follow or trace him out, and show no one the picture during the sittings. I was anxious enough to make sure of him to promise anything. The sittings began the next morning. He came long before it was light and was waiting in the shadow of the porch when I rose. He came after the face was technically finished, for there was a wealth of expression I was slow in catching, and which was too precious to lose. He invariably brought his dinner with him, a tiny piece of bread, and remained until after dark. Then he would melt into the dusk like one of its own shadows. Jack I rather think I've grown a great deal in sentiment. I fell in love with that boy. I went so far as to think of adopting him to keep him with me always. But naturally I delayed mentioning it to him till the picture should be finished and I released from some of my promises. One night, when the picture was completed as you see it now, I broke the charm. He had an overpowering curiosity about that little sandal-wood picture-shrine on the desk yonder. You see it is in fragments. I told him it held a picture, so precious that I kept it under lock and key, and after that, he besieged me with questions. Who was it? Curiosity gave him the one pice of earthiness he needed, and I tantalized him to keep it growing. On this night I told him it was the portrait of a beautiful and wonderful lady. It was—the Mona Lisa. His great black eyes flamed red, but just then a fellow came to the door to sell chromos. I had to fight him off; he nearly forced his way in in spite of me. When I came back, out of temper, I surprised my model breaking open the shrine. The marvelous carving was shivering in splinters on the floor. I was a brute. I took him by the collar and shook him. I forgot he was nearer angel than boy. He dropped shrine and picture, and slipped out of my grasp, stopping at the door to, say in a choked little voice: 'You shall never see me again. Nobody shall ever see me again. I will kill myself.' Then he ran out into the night, and I have not seen him since."

"But he probably hasn't killed himself," I suggested. "No doubt he thought better of that."

"He has done it," said Douglas, shaking his head, with a sad smile, "I am sure of it. I should not feel in this way about him if he were not dead."

"Douglas that was only temper. People don't carry out such threats once in a dozen times."

"Think of his hot Southern blood. Its flame would consume more lives than one. Do you see the change in my room?" I heard the creaking of the outside door, and then, I fancied a stealthy step in the vestibule; but I waited, loth to interrupt Douglas.

"I have grown, since that night, into a spiritual fear. Memory draws the child into the room so constantly that you might say he haunts it. I see that face everywhere. I am afraid of finding the spirit at my elbow, turning reproachful eyes on me, crying out, 'You murdered me!'"

"But what should that have to do with your furniture?" I asked, fearing either he had gone daft or that I was not equal to the finer fancies of genius. Douglas smiled, with shame in his face.

"So that I may work without turning my back on anything. I shudder to think of him behind me."

I heard a rustle. "Douglas some one wants to come in," I said, rising.

Before I reached the portiere the outside door was closed as softly as it might be with haste. I ran out without stopping for my hat. A figure was striking out rapidly for the grove at the left of the house. Now, I was not famous at the university for my brains, but for my muscle I was. I broke into a run and made a circuit to cut the man off from the grove. If he could be kept to the high road I should run him down in no time. He noted how directly he was headed for my arms and took to the highway, I in pursuit. He worked bravely, but in four minutes I had overtaken him. When I was within three feet he turned suddenly and faced me. It was Rev. Augustus Miller.

"Young man, spare me!" came the unctuous voice in piteous appeal, the clerical hands raised. "I have no money. If you are a robber take my pocket Bible and let me go."

"Robber yourself!" I retorted. "What do you mean by sneaking into people's houses, and then sneaking out?"

"I was going to ask the young man about his soul, but when you rose so suddenly I remembered what ungodly tricks young men are guilty of, and was afraid."

"Now, is there anything more truly feminine than a minister?" I said, pausing to apostrophize him. But I had not yet done with him. He had expected to be frightened; he should not be disappointed. As I looked at him a fleecy cloud slipped from the moon. His resemblance to Smirke was startling. "As sure as I'm—hem!—not in college," I cried, "you are Smirk, the detective."

"Young man, do not mock the servant of God!"

"But you are!" I insisted, now merely to frighten him. "You are, and to-night I shall hand you over into custody for assuming a name and disguise." I waited for further prayers, but they did not come. The man looked at me steadily for two or three seconds; then he took off his glasses and lifted his wig with a flourish. It was my turn to be confounded. I had no more suspicion than an idiot that my flash of guesswork had truth at bottom.

"I see you know a thing or two," said the detective, in tones like chips. "Can you hold your tongue?"

"Like a cracked bell Take me on the force?"

"I can't; I'm off myself. That's what you're to keep still about. One of the officers said I got information by foul means, and I knocked him down. They meant to arrest me, but I came down here in disguise. Now, can you keep that?"

"See if I can't!" I returned big with importance. "What could they do to you?"

"Oh, not much, only they shan't have the fun of an arrest, that's all! My disguise was rather thin; still, nobody but a man keen enough to be on the force himself would have seen through it." I was every minute growing in circumference, like the frog in the fable, and too much engrossed to mind the absence of my hat. We walked home together in the most chatty humor. He seemed vastly interested in Douglas, from the queer house, he said, and from my cousin's evidently being a remarkable young man. We laughed together over Mr. Miller's errand at Oakwood, and he confessed that he had slipped in solely because he saw us through the window and thought we seemed like good fellows. But forgetting his disguise until he was well into the vestibule and then remembering how I had penetrated it the night before, he dared not face me again. Would I take him to call on Douglas? I said my cousin was not easily dealt with by strangers, and I must first ask his permission. That was only putting him off. Douglas has not my affinity for nettles and their relatives. Much as he seemed interested in Douglas, I had heard enough to keep my cousin's secret to the letter; I wonder at that, however, for between the confidences I had received that night my thoughts stood promiscuously on their heads. I bade my detective good-night, in a fraternal manner, which seemed vastly to the amazement of the maid servant, who had grinned at my ridicule of him in the morning. For he had again assumed the wig, and was Rev. Augustus Miller.

The next day I had cause to applaud my own wisdom in the selection of a retreat. Tongues buzzed louder and faster here than in the world of men. There was now an excitement worthy their agility. A pupil had been decoyed from the Convent of Our Lady, distant about three miles; she had, undoubtedly been murdered. There were ghastly details of her death to be had without the asking. One said that the villains—they were evidently medieval free-booters—had cut off her hair and her head after it. Another stated that the head was left at the convent gate, swinging by its hair. But I managed to ascertain, by dint of much questioning, that the girl had disappeared, and a reward would be offered for the apprehension of those concerned in the abduction. It seemed to me a good case for Smirke, but as he was not at table, neither was to be found in his room, I postponed suggesting it to him. That night, of course, I went to Douglas, meaning to give him a sip of the current horror. But he put me indifferently aside and passed on to his own affairs.

"I mean to shut up this place and leave, Jack," looking at the fire and introspectively at himself. "The boy will never come back. I am tired of being haunted. Perhaps a change of scene will help lay his ghost." I heard the outside door open and was about to confound the impudence of Smirke, when the hangings were thrust aside, a dark setting for the very face of the picture. Prepared for a ghost, how could I restrain a cry. Douglas, turned marble, pointed a stiff forefinger. "See!" came his whisper. But the curtain was thrown back, the little figure crossed the room at a run and sank at his feet.

"Master, take me back!" came in sobs. I might look and listen as much as I pleased. Nobody heard or saw me. Douglas caught the child to his breast, and rocked back and forth with him, cooing some inarticulate endearment. Presently the two drew apart and looked at each other with eyes of shining content.

"Did I spoil the picture?" asked the child, dropping his hold in shame, Douglas laughed.

"I don't know. Never mind, you are all the the picture I want, Tell me, how could you grieve me so? Where did you go?"

"Shall I tell it all?" He had a quick, birdlike motion of the head, a quick staccato of liquid utterance. His English was mature, but charmingly accented by the persistent clinging of a foreign tongne.

"Yes, all," said Douglas.

"Then let me go." He resisted Douglas' detaining hand, got gravely down from his knee, and perched on a stool. Then folding his hands over his long gray cloak, the child with another birdglance, indicated me.

"May he know, too?"

"Yes, if you are willing."

"I was in the convent being educated," he began, quietly. "Every day I used to see you go past. Sometimes with flowers in your hand. Your hair was like Our Lady's glory." He looked at Douglas devoutly, and Douglas laughed. "One day I heard a Sister say you wanted to paint a boy dying, starving. That night I ran away. An old Scotch woman lives across the river, and goes every day to the convent to do kitchen work. I went to her and begged her to keep me. She hardly dared, but she knew I was not happy in the convent and she pitied me. She left me alone in her little house every day, and I used to throw away my dinner. I would not eat, but it was long before I could starve myself into looking starved, and I was so impatient!"

Douglas was bending toward him, a great horror gathering in his face.

"You starved yourself! why?"

"Because I wanted to help you paint your picture. I made the little clothes I wore, all myself. The Sisters always said I was good with my needle. Then a Sister was ill and Mrs. MacNeil had to be there early in the morning and late at night. That helped me, and I could come to you."

"But—who are you?"

"Teresa." A soft, rose flush crept into her cheeks, and the lashes fell. Douglas blushed, too.

"Reckless, hot-headed child!" he muttered. Teresa had risen and drawn her little cloak about her.

"I suppose I am to go back to the convent," she said, defiantly. "I have been hiding at Mrs. MacNeil's ever since that night. But she overheard yesterday that the Sisters thought I had been killed. A man had come here to find out who did it. He was at the convent early and told the superior it was you. So I came to tell you."

"I?" repeated Douglas in a maze. At the instant the curtain was put aside and Smirke stepped in. "Everbody makes mistakes," he said with gruffness. "I made mine. I listened at your door last night, when you said you were haunted. I've told this boy here a dozen lies and I've watched in the woods all day to see that you didn't escape. I mean to have more evidence before I arrest you. It is well the Sisters let it leak out about the child, as it happens, though I could have strangled 'em at the time. They'd kept it pretty close, for fear it would hurt the convent's reputation, till she was wanted and had to be forthcoming. Then they confessed, and I was sent down here."

"Why is she wanted?" asked I, who alone retained some coolness.

"Long story. Years ago rich American fell in love with Teresa's mother, Italian countess, widow, poor. She wouldn't marry him then, but he offered to educate the child, and she stipulated it should be among Catholics. He brought her here, waited as long as he could, went back, begged again, and she married him. They're in New York and Teresa's sent for."

"My mother!" breathed the child, the tips of her fingers together.

"Your mother, and lots of money!" answered Smirke, jocosely. Teresa turned to Douglas. "Then you will go to see me there, my master, instead of my coming to you!"

And he did until there was no longer need.

### Sacred Cattle of Texas.

John O'Neil, a cattle-raiser of life-long experience in Victoria county, Texas, called on the *Stock-Grower* and a conversation with him proved most interesting. Mr. O'Neal is one of the very few breeders in this county of Brahma, or sacred cattle, of the East Indies. It would at first seem farcical to speak of raising "menagerie stock," but Mr. O'Neil will soon be able to prove to stock men of the West that this strain will show as many good qualities as the much-talked-of Herefords and Durhams.

The first sacred cattle brought to America consisted of two lots, one of which went to Georgia and the other to Louisiana. In 1879 Mr. O'Neil noticed cows near his home which were a cross between the natives and the Brahmas, and were the property of a neighbor. The winter and spring of 1879 were exceptionally hard on cattle, and the "die-off" was something tremendous. One observing friend saw in the spring that the Brahma cows were in excellent condition, and after experiments he concluded that the breed would be a good one to cross with the native stock. Mr. O'Neil secured a bull and two cows (thoroughbreds) from the Louisiana herd and afterwards increased the number from Georgia. The result of the cross was satisfactory. They are of good size, fine beef qualities and possess the best rustling qualities of any breed.

Mr. O'Neil obtains the best results from a cross between the sacred cattle with pure Durhams, and the male stock from this cross he runs with his natives. There is a heavy demand in Texas for the Brahmas, as they are called, but it is utterly impossible to supply it. Mr. O'Neil intends to stock a ranch in this Territory, when our New Mexico cattle owners will have an opportunity of seeing the sacred cattle. The thoroughbreds are described as being of a rich cream color, and the bulls have a very prominent hump on the shoulder.

### A Bad Speaker.

Archbishops are not made for their eloquence, but on account of their judgment and executive ability. One of the archbishops of Canterbury, Howley, who died in 1848, was distinguished as a bad speaker.

The following anecdotes illustrate what he could do in the way of spoiling a speech. With a most delicate and almost fastidious taste as to style, he was always making corrections in his speaking as some writers do on their manuscript, a fatal fault in a speaker.

Thus presiding at an anniversary of the Clergy Orphan Girls' school at St. John's Wood, he delivered himself thus:

"No one can see—(corrects himself)—can look upon—these respectable looking girls — (corrects himself)—these nice looking girls—(corrects himself)—these good girls—(corrects himself)—these female girls"———

Here there was a suppressed titter, under cover of which the speaker hurried on to the conclusion of his sentence—not recorded.

He used to rub his hands anxiously together while speaking, as if he were washing them. I have seen him twice, and once saw a bishop imitate him to the life.

There is a story that he used to bewail his own nervousness as a speaker, and that one of his chaplains recommended him to shut himself up in the Addington dining room, and address the chairs, imagining people in them.

"How did your grace get on?" he was asked after the first experiment.

"Well, you see, I think I got on very nicely at first, but all at once I caught sight of that high-backed chair there in the corner, and he looked so formidable that he put me out, and then I broke down."

### Submarine Miners.

A corps of submarine miners is in course of formation at the School of Engineering, Chatham, England. The special duty of this new body of men will be the laying of mines under water for purposes of coast defense. Recruits for this new branch of the service are drawn mainly from the fishing districts. Not less than three vessels are undergoing alterations to fit them for the work.

*Lacquer for Chandeliers.*—Take two gallons of spirits of wine, one pound of dragon's blood, three pounds of Spanish annatto, four and a half pounds of gum-sandarac, two pints of turpentine, digest for a week, shake frequently, decant, and filter.

### A Long, Long Journey.

When the doctor came down stairs from the sick room of Mrs. Marshall the whole family seemed to have arranged themselves in the hall to waylay him.

"How soon will mamma dit well?" asked little Clyde, the baby.

"Can mamma come down stairs next week?" asked Katy, the eldest daughter and the little housekeeper.

"Do you find my wife much better?" asked Mr. Marshall eagerly. He was a tall, grave man, pale with anxiety and nights of watching.

The doctor did not smile; he did not even stop to answer their questions.

"I am in a great hurry," he said as he took his hat; "I must go to a patient who is dangerously ill. This evening I will call again. I have left instructions with the nurse."

But the nurse's instructions were all concerning the comfort of the patient; she was professionally discreet and silent. The children playing on the stairs were told to make no noise. The gloomy day wore on, and the patient slept and was not disturbed. But that night before they went to bed they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their little hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for all their lives!

She was very pale, but smiling, and her first words to them were:

"I am going on a jour ney!"

"A journey," cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey."

"Mamma is going to the South," said Katy, "the doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother, faintly, "and I will not come back."

"You are not going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low, sweet voice. "I am not going alone. My Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-bye, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall be gone. You will all come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which she had safely arrived while they slept.

"How did she go! Who came for her?" they asked amid their tears.

"The chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof!" their father told them solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children; when asked about their mother they say, "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in her guide book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say I am sick, and where God himself shall wipe all tears from their eyes.

### Keep Your Best for Home.

There is no place where good manners and punctilious etiquette is of more value than in the home. It is the moral agent of good breeding; it is the law that governs the manifestations of kindness and good feeling, and also the law that restrains unkind and ignoble traits of human nature from expression. Keep your best temper for home. In society, on the streets, in business, everywhere, it is easier to control that attribute, if we guard the hasty word, the peevish tone, the irritating action in the home circle, and study to wound none of its inmates.

Keep your best spirits for home. Nowhere do gloomy and depressed spirits tell so disastrously as at home. The parents may have just cause for anxiety and care, but it is wrong and unjust to shadow the young life of children with anxieties they cannot appreciate, and cares they cannot understand. The tendency to brood over trouble or misfortune increases with its indulgence. So, also, the disposition to be cheerful and happy at all times increases with cultivation. This is by far the most admirable trait. Those who are sunshiny and cheerful in character always have the most friends, and where are friends so true and loyal and so desirable to perpetuate as those of home and family? The old comparison of the best twig is as true in this case as in any other, and children who grow up in an atmosphere of foreboding of the future, anxieties about the present, and cynical reflections on the motives and actions of people about them, are training a tendency to be miserable and sad, and in their turn cast shadows, instead of sunshine, on the path of all about them.

### Tokio Streets.

The streets of Tokio, Japan are so narrow and crowded that it is an annoyance to ride through them. Every driver carries a horn in order to warn people to get out of the way, yet such is the crush of stages, cars and ginrekshas that the blockades are frequent and sometimes disastrous. A correspondent narrates his experience in a Tokio horse-car, as follows:

The other day I was riding in from Asakusa on one of the cars, when suddenly we came to a halt. Looking out of the car, what should prove to be the cause of the interruption but a monster pine tree, of the dwarf species so common in Japan, which was being transported on a wagon, evidently constructed for that purpose, from one part of the city to another.

At the base the trunk must have been six feet in circumference, but it was only about fifteen feet high, terminating in a flat, broad canopy of branches.

The blockade lasted several hours, during which time street-cars ceasd running and everybody took the whole thing as a matter of course.

The motive power in transporting the tree was a long string of oxen and scores of street coolies, who put their shoulders to the huge canvas-wrapped wheels and chorused the usual customary grunt of Japanese coolies.

Never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

# THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., DEC 3, 1884.


## THE SOUTH AND VICTORY.

ITS POSITION UNDER A DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION.

*Senator Pugh, of Alabama, Makes an Appeal for Northern Patriotism and Declares that the South is True.*

Montgomery, Alabama, Nov. 24.—In a speech before the caucus Senator Pugh, referring to the part borne by the southern democrats in the late election, said:

"This grand result thus consummated has placed the democratic party, and especially the white people of the south, in a position of the gravest responsibility. Shall we prove ourselves equal to the trying emergency and worthy of such trust and confidence? Shall we justify and sustain our friends at the north by justice, wisdom and moderation of our action? Or shall we make good the prediction and hopes of our republican enemies that we will favor rash, reactionary and revolutionary changes in the currency and tariff laws that will shock public confidence, derange business interests and relations and paralize American industries?

I know the white pople of the south are capable of self-government. I know they are keenly sensible of their public duties and their obligations to discharge them with prudence, wisdom and fidelity. And our brethren of the north may rest assured that we will do nothing to cause them to regret that they have trusted us as allies in the common cause of securing reform and honest government; reform that will make office holding a public trust for public objects and not a personal holding for private gain; reform that will lessen the cost of judicial and executive administration; reform that will reduce the burden of tariff taxation down to the economical standard of honest government; reform that will lessen the expense and correct the abuses of collecting the internal revnue; reform that will prevent the unequal operation of the existing tariff laws by a wise adjustment of duties on the imports in their rate and application, produce no more revenue than is needed for honest government, and encourage no freer trade in taxable imports than can be carried on legitimately under the public burden of such revenue duties.

The existing tariff laws must be revised for the sole purpose of preventing an unnecessary and oppressive surplus revenue and to correct unequalities without affecting, unjustly and injuriously, any American industry. My last appeal to my countrymen is to be patient and to wait with confidence the coming of the grand result that may be worked out gradually by the slow but sure processes of restoration to a wise, safe and honest government."


## FROM THE REVEREND CLERGY.

Among the many ministers of the gospel, who have been helped by Brown's Iron Bitters, the Rev. E. A. Spring, Corydon, Iowa, says: "I used it for general ill-health and found it a great help." Rev. Jas. McCarty, Fort Stephenson, Dakota, says, "It cured me of severe dyspepsia and increased my weight twenty-five pounds." Rev. Offey, New Bern, N. C., says he has taken it, and considers it one of the best medicines known. Rev. Whitney, Hinghan, Wis., says, "After a long sickness from lung fever, I used Brown's Iron Bitters and gained strength." So throughout the States with hundreds and hundreds of other clergymen.


## ENOCH ARDEN REVERSED.

*An Albany Man's Surprise After an Absence of Eight Years.*

Albany, Nov. 24.—Eleven years ago James Kehoe and Kate Welch were married in this city. Three years later Kehoe was called to Ireland to settle up an estate in which he was interested. He left his wife and two children, Mrs. Kehoe saying that she preferred not to make the journey across the Atlantic. This was eight years ago. On Thursday last Kehoe, who had regularly corresponded with his wife during his absence, returned to Albany. He was recognized by Luke Dunn, one of his former friends, who made to him the startling announcement that soon after his departure his wife had married Peter Smith, an old admirer of hers before she became Mrs. Kehoe. The astonished husband decided to call on his wife, but as soon as he presented himself she seized a kettle of water and hurled the contents at him. He retreated hastily and returned to his friends, undecided exactly what course to pursue.


Do not crucify the children by compelling them to take the horrible, nauseous compounds usually sold as worm medicines many of them are as worthless as they are obnoxious, but get a box of McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders Purely vegetable. So easy and pleasant to take that the children will never know that a medicine is being administered. You will in addition secure the very best vermifuge possible to produce. So sure we are in this that in all cases of failure to cause expulsion where worms exist we cheerfully agree to refund the purchase price. One box of McDonald's Worm Powders guaranteed equal to four bottles of any worm syrup.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
dec3 Philadelphia, Agents.


## ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

The 11 o'clock train, says the Lock Haven *Democrat* of last week, brought down from Philipsburg the body of a man named Fry, who was accidentally shot and killed in the vicinity of Philipsburg, by another man who mistook him for a bear. Fry was out hunting and the supposition is that he stooped down for some purpose and while in this attitude was seen by the other man who took aim and shot him in the side, killing him instantly. The dead man's home was in Tyrone, to which place his remains were conveyed.


Adolf Halloz, carriage manufacturer, 119 Carroll Street, Buffalo, N. Y., states: I was troubled with nausea of the stomach, sick headache and general debility. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me.


## WHERE LUNATICS COME FROM.

Says the London *Sportsman*: For many years past we have made statistics our especial study. We revel in statistics of such an entertaining character as those relating to bankruptcy, criminals, rainfall, atmospheric pressure, railway rates, thunder-storms, duration of sunshine, etc., but we have never hitherto found anything so much to our taste as the statistics of insanity and occupation. Some one has gone to the trouble of compiling a list of statistics showing the particular occupation followed by the inmates of the different public and private lunatic asylums in England before their incarceration. From this it appears that the professional and commercial groups yield by far the largest proportions, varying from five per 1,000 in soldiers to 3.4 in civil engineers, and 2.4 in artists to 1.0 in the teaching and lecturing class. In the commercial group, travelers stand high, 1.3 per 1000. In the agricultural, farriers and veterinary surgeons head the list, 1.3; while shopherds and gamekeepers are the lowest, 0.5. Of manufacturers, papermakers are lowest, 0.8; while of handicrafts, plumbers, painters, and glaziers are highest, 1.0. The group of persons employed in the heavier kinds of manual labor yields a lower proportion than any other, 0.48, miners being the lowest of its constituent classes, 0.3. We can understand soldiers going wrong in the head, because they have frequently to go into burning hot climates, where they are exposed to sunstroke and other evils. We can also understand artists getting astray in the upper story when their pictures are rejected, but we cannot understand the civil engineer, who as a rule, has about the pleasantest occupation amongst the profession, unless it be a struggling and unrecognized man. Plumbers, painters, and glaziers, of course, go wrong through remorse at the way they have served a confiding public while, as a rule, the lower class of laborers have not brains enough to find the percentage of journalists and parsons is too small to be recognized. This is doubtless due to the highly moral lives led by these two branches of the intellectual professions.

## HOW FLUFF IS REMOVED FROM YARN.

"The first operation in converting the yarn into thread," writes Mr. David Bremmer, who may be regarded as a specialist on this subject, "is the passing of it through a flame in order to remove the 'fluff' and protruding fibres. The gassing machine consists of a frame supporting a rack for the cops containing the yarn to be singed, and a beam with winding gear to draw the yarn from the cops and wind it on the bobbins. Between the cops and bobbins are a series of gas-jets, through which the yarn has to pass on its way from the cops to the bobbins. The speed at which the yarn travels is in any case necessarily great, but it is modified according to the substance of the yarn—the heavier the yarn the slower the motion. The speed at which the bobbins are driven varies from 2,500 to 3,500 revolutions per minute. On emerging from the flame the yarn is cleaned by a brush and passes through a notch in a piece of brass, which is arranged to detect any knot or lump. A defect of this kind depresses the brass, and instantly the gas-flame is turned aside and the bobbin stopped. The attendant, on observing the stoppage, removes the obstruction and puts the bobbin and gas again into position.

## THE HISTORY OF THE DRUM.

A contemporary devotes a column to the history of the drum. It is amusing to find that the Greeks ascribed the invention to the god Bacchus. In every country in the world but one we find the drum, and that one is China. The Chinese do not find it loud enough to represent their emotions, and go to the battlefield to the sound of war gongs. Even drums, it appears, have some romance about them. John Lisca, the avenger of Huss, bequeathed his skin to his gallant companions in arms to form the covering of the drum which was to summon them in case of danger. Oddly enough, the drum has been abolished in the French army. We say oddly, because it was in that country of martial ardor that it attained the greatest preeminence. There are no less than twenty-seven distinct combinations of beat in use, some of which have odd and appropriate names, as "The Sick Call," which summons all invalids to appear before the surgeon; "The Roast Beef Call," "The Peas Upon a Trencher," or supper call.

## WHAT FORGETFULNESS DID.

At a wedding breakfast in England, recently, one of the bridesmaids expressed a wish to see that mystic document, a wedding license, which she had never beheld. The request occasioned a fearful discovery. The clergyman had quite forgotten to ask for the license; the bridegroom had left it to his "best man" to procure it, and this the "best man" had forgotten to do. Of course the marriage was no legal marriage at all. The wedding party broke up in dismay, and the ceremony was performed again next day.


Ladies' Russian circulars, dolmans newmarkets and plush coats, in every conceivable shape, at the Bee Hive.


## TERRA FIRMA NOT FIRM.

Many persons immagine the earth under their feet to be a rigid immovable mass. It is found by scientific tests to be anything but that. It is as flexible and yielding as india-rubber, almost. It is never really still. It quivers and throbs and warps and bends night and day, and even in the absence of all merely local agencies that can be detected. Not only is this the case on the surface, but it is the same when a position in a deep mine is taken. This instability of the earth or the constancy of its tremors is attributed to causes directly connected with the varying intensities of atmospheric and occanic pressures. The placing of a great weight—as a mountain, for example—on any portion of the surface will naturally tend to produce a depression of the surface at that point, and consequently movement; but it was probably never imagined till now that when the barometer rises an inch over a land area like that of Australia, the increased load of air sinks the entire continent two or three inches below the normal level. Over a like sea arear, the water surface may be depressed a foot or more. Thus, as the mass of air sweeps in wind or creeps by slower convection from place to place, the yeilding earth sways up and down beneath its weight. The increased accumulation of air over a given locality is found to influence the pendulum in the manner of (although, of course, to a much less extent,) a solid mass, as a mountain. The tides exercise a disturbing power similar to that of the atmosphere; thus, the heaping waters of the flood depress the shore, whereas the ebb permits it to rise again.

## THE COW-BOY OF FLORIDA.

Visiting one of the stores for the sake of provisioning the craft, the principal business of Fort Myers was at once discernible from the array of saddles and bridles exhibited. Around this point and from many a jungle and prairie in the neighborhood cattle are brought in for shipment to Punta Rassa, to be sent from thence to Key West and Cuba. A good many gaunt lads, lounging around in high boots, with jingling spurs, showed the peculiarities of their calling, for they were the cow-boys of this region. I doubt whether the cow-boy of the West is recruited entirely from the country where he herds or drives his cattle, but the Floridian cow-boy is indigenous to the soil. Hard work and plenty of it, at times with poor food, a debilitating climate and many mosquitoes have made them fleshless. Driving cattle in the West is certainly no child's play, but in this portion of Florida the task must be a particularly difficult one from the nature of the country. To scamper at full speed across the country in quest of a "bunch" of cattle must endanger their necks. Through the palmetto cabbages and tangle of vines, across the boggy flats, driving into the pine thickets, the soil burrowed by the gophers, the cattle-hunter spurs his horse. Perhaps it is the mount, which ought to be as much pitied as any of the animals, the horse, the boy, or the bull. Western horses barely stand the hard work, and are used up in a season. Anything like a high-legged animal comes to grief in very short order. The horse wanted for work is the small, scrubby animal born and bred in Florida. He seems to be capable of withstanding any amount of hard service. Certainly the Florida cattle of this section are the poorest specimens of the bovine race known. They present, save about their legs, few traces of merit. Having not much weight to carry, their speed is for a short burst enough to blow a horse. Fancy cattle whose live weight will average three hundred and fifty pounds!

## DISEASE OF MONEY COUNTERS.

A Washington correspondent, visiting the Treasury Department, noticed that many of the women employed in counting the bank notes looked ill, and had sores upon their hands or heads. The superintendent gave the following account of the trouble: Very few who spend any considerable time in counting money escape the sores. They generally appear first on the hands, but frequently they break out on the head, and sometimes the eyes are affected. We can do nothing to prevent this. All the ladies take the greatest care of themselves in their work, but sooner or later they are afflicted with sores. The direct cause of the sores is the arsenic employed in the manufacture of the money. If the skin is the least abraded, and the arsenic gets under the flesh, a sore will appear the next morning. The habit that every one has of putting the hand to the head and face is the way the arsenic poisoning is carried to those portions or the body. One of the officials, stopped by the side of a young lady and picked up a glass vessel containing a sponge; this sponge is wet, and is used to moisten the fingers while counting the money. It was quiet black from the arsenic. Every morning a new piece of sponge is placed on the desk of each employee, but before the day is over it is black. There were three ladies who were six years before they were afflicted with sores. About three months ago they were so visited with them that the had to quit work. They have been away ever since, and the physician's certificate in each case says that their blood is poisoned with arsenic.


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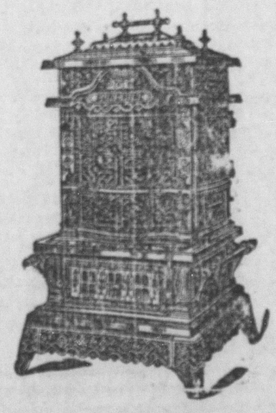

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### HOW THEY BORE THEIR LOSSES.

There is a story of a Scotch deacon whose earnest commendations of his minister induced a neighboring congregation to offer him their pulpit. When once installed, the vaunted preacher proved a sad disappointment. "How could you crack him up so much?" asked the aggrieved parshioners of the flattering deacon. "Oh," was the dry reply, "you'll be ready enough to crack him up if you see a chance of getting rid of him."

We think it is Wraxall who tells even a worse story about resignation to the losses occasioned by death. At a wine party of young men at one of the colleges, notes of apology were handed in from two of the proposed guests, who were unable to attend, owing to the death of their father. A young gentleman, heir to a considerable property, who had been partaking freely of the hospitalities of the festive board, suddenly burst into tears. "Was this dear old gentleman a friend of yours?" asked the sympathic host. "No, no, it's not that," sobbed the guest, "only—I was just thinking—everybody's father dies but mine!"

There are losses which people suffer unconsciously, like that sustained by the geologist who hired a Scotch gillie to carry his bag of specimens across the mountains. "It was a heavy load, and just nothing but stones," said Donald, relating his experiences to a friend, "and I was not fool enough to drag the pebbles a guid ten miles. I just emptied the bag before I started, and filled it at the cairn I last came to, and the gentleman was just as pleased." The unlucky geologist was doubtless puzzled by the contents of the bag when he came to examine it later.

### THE KIRGHESE WAY.

There is little of love or sentiment in Kirghese courtship. A batch of kinsmen of the would-be bridegroom approach the parents of the chosen one with presents, and among them a dish of liver and mutton-fat, which signifies that they mean matrimony. The compliment is returned, and the kinsmen of the bride decide what amount of *kalim* shall be paid to her parents. This may vary from forty to one hundred and twenty sheep, or from nine to forty-seven head of larger cattle, at least two-thirds of which have to be paid at once. The suitor has also to send one present and to bring a second, for which he manages to see the girl with feigned secrecy by night, and then to give another present for the right to see her by day. Perhaps the parties have never met before; but, the present having been made, they are betrothed—so fast, indeed, that neither can draw back with impunity; and should one of them die before marriage, the parents of the deceased must find another son or daughter to carry out the contract, or the *kalim* must be returned. When the entire *kalim* has been paid, the bridegroom claims his bride, is married, and brings her, with her *trousseau*, consisting of a tent and cattle, to his fathers *aul*.

### THE HATS OUR FATHERS WORE.

The fashion in head gear for men and boys has undergone a great change during the last thirty years. Now caps of cloth are rarely seen except on men in uniform or on foreign arrivals, and the silk hat is affected only by staid citizens of middle or mature age. The felt hat has usurped the place of both these head coverings for young and old, except when some state occasion demands the traditional "stove-pipe;" and there are very few wearers of these who know their composition. Once, when the "beaver" hat was actually a beaver skin fashioned into a hat, the name was appropriate. Subsequent improvements reduced the price of the "beavers" by changing the material, which became beaver fur—sometimes cheaper fur—attached by a glue or cement to a hat body of felt. Still later the fur was replaced by a silk plush, glued on to a felt form or body. But of late years even the felt body has been discarded for one of coarse muslin or canvas, steeped in the same stiffening liquor used on the felt body—shellac dissolved in alcohol—and receiving the outer covering of silk plush by the melting of the lac glue by means of a hot iron.

### MISTAKES IN PUNCTUATION.

Mistakes in punctuation, such as the omission or misplacing of a comma, may cause serious alteration to the sense of a passage. The contract made for lighting the town of Liverpool by wick lamps, during the year 1819, was rendered void by the misplacing of a comma in the advertisements, thus: "The lamps at present are about 4,050, and have in general two spouts each, composed of not less than 20 threads of cotton." The contractors would have proceeded to furnish each lamp with the said 20 threads: but this being only half the usual quantity, the Commissioners discovered that the difference arose from the comma following, instead of proceding, the word "each." In the following instance it was no doubt a bachelor compositor who, in setting up the toast, "Woman, without her, man would be a savage!" got the comma in the wrong place, and made the sentence read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage!"—*Chambers's Journal*.


For earache, toothache, sore throat, swelled neck, and the result of colds and inflamation, use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—the great pain destroyer.


### FEMALE BUCKET-SHOPS.

A New York correspondents writes of the bucket-shops which are run by women for the benefit of their own sex: These woman managers are in certain instances only tools in the service of some down-town broker, who really runs the shop and pay them a salary. The broker knows that ladies of refinement desire to avoid notice, and hence they hire a handsome brown stone front from where ladies may come and go without suspicion. There are several of these in Twenty-fourth street, where the tickers may be heard all through business hours, and in each a score of ladies may be seen jotting down the quotations, when they contrive to see through the veils which conceal their indentity. There is a very extensive bucket-shop in Thirty-seventh street which is connected with the stock-exchange by a half-dozen wires, a fact which suggests the extent of the business transacted within its walls. This establishment is conducted by a woman of great financial ability who has made the system very profitable, but at the expense of a large number of victims. She has been in the business a dozen years. Her rule is to demand a margin of ten per cent on all purchases, and she charges the usual brokerage, which is twelve and a half cents on one dollar for either buying or selling. As soon as an order is given her she telegrahps down to her broker, by whom it is immediately executed. Among this woman's patrons are some of the richest ladies in the city, who find stock speculation a relief from ennui. Other operators are found in ladies who economize on their pin money for this purpose. Some money-making milliners and modistes dabble in stocks, and there are those living on fixed incomes out of which they squeeze enough to buy an occasional "put" "call." Taking all these classes together, a large aggregate is formed, and in this manner female speculation is an acknowleged feature in Wall street.

### A CANINE MUSICAL CRITIC.

In the year 1839, a phenomenon appeared in the musical world which attracted considerable attention in Germany. A gentleman who was well known as an enthusiastic musical amateur of Darmstadt, in the grand duchy of Hesse, had a female spaniel, called Poodle. By striking the animal whenever music was played, and a false note was struck, she was made to howl. At last the threat of the upraised stick was equally effective; presently a mere glance of the master's eye produced the same howl, and at last the false note itself. A German paper of the period says, "At the present time there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr. Frederick S. and his wonderful dog are not invited—or, at least, the dog. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band, whether violin, clarinet, hautboy or bugle—all of them must execute their parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poodle looks at its master, erects its ears, showes its grinders, and howls outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produce the same effect." It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature was confined to the mere execution of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its musical career, toward its close a vicious modulation or a false relation of parts produced the same result. "Sometimes to tease the dog, Mr. S. and his friends take pleasure in annoying the canine critic, by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds from instrument and voice. On such occasions the creature loses all self command, its eyes shoot forth fiery flashes, and long and frightful howls respond to the inharmonious concert of the mischievous bipeds. But the latter must be careful not to go too far, because when the dog's patience is much tried it becomes savage, and endeavors to bite both its persecutors and their instruments."

### THE RACE OF LIFE.

After reading the evidence of Dr. Farr, one has a natural inclination to study the law of chances as regards human beings. According to the eminent authority quoted, if one could see a million babies start on a journey (all scratch mark of course) and could follow them through life, this is about what he would see: Nearly 150,000 of them drop out of the ranks by the end of the first year, while twelve months later the numbers would be further thinned by the deduction of 53,000 more; 28,000 would follow at the end of the third season, and less than 4,000 at the end of the thirteenth year. They would throw up the sponge by twos and threes until the end of the forty-fifth year, when it would be found that in the intervening period something like 500,000 had left the track. Sixty years would see 370,000 gray-headed men still cheerfully pegging away. At the end of eighty years the competitors in this great "go-as-you-please" would number 97,000, but they would be getting more shaky and "dotty" each lap. At the end of ninety-five seasons 223 only would be left in for the final "ties," while the winner would be led into his retiring room a solitary wreck at the age of 108. There is something grimly humorous in this quaint array carefully compiled. One cannot help wondering what would be the betting at the start about any one of those million babies coming in alone at the 108th lap of the great and mysterious track upon which the race of life is run.


Some remarkable cures in this vicinity of long continued and obstinate diseases are attributed to McDonald's Blood Purifier.


### A HUNGARIAN FAMILY'S FATE.

Vienna, Nov. 21.—A tragic incident is reported from Eastern Hungary. A clergyman, with his wife and child, were driving in a sledge from Krasnisora to the neighboring village of Kis Lonka. A pack of ravenous wolves pursued them. The mother, terror stricken, let the child fall from her arms. The father thereupon leaped from the sledge to save the child. The father and child were at once attacked by the wolves. The father fought desperately and killed two wolves, but was at last overcome and both he and his child were devoured. Meanwhile the horses had run bed onward with the sledge still bearing the agonized mother. In her agony of terror she gave premature birth to a child which died. The terrible shock, with all she had suffered, proved too much for the poor woman and when the sledge reached Kis Lonka she too was dead. So the whole family perished inside of an hour.


**Attention, Doctors.**

Everybody knows that the life of the average physician is a hard one. He is often compelled to ride great distances through mud and rain for a merely nominal fee. It is not fit nor proper for us to condemn any physician for his work, but we do assert that his practice can be made easier, and he can effect more cures by the proper and judicious use of PERUNA. If he will only add this great remedy to his list of medicines he will find that his usefulness will be greatly increased. Full direction for its use will be found in the "Ills of Life," and he should at once procure this valuable book.

N. J. Wright, Business Agent Evening Herald, Erie, Pa., says: "DR. HARTMAN—I can not but feel it my duty to express to you my thanks for the great benefit I received from the use of your medicines, PERUNA and MANALIN. One bottle of each placed me square on my feet, after a sickness of four weeks, which confined me to my bed, and then left me lame and crippled. Three days from the commencement of the use of your remedies the cane was dispensed with, and in a week I was perfectly well."

Mrs. Ellen Maynard, Oswego, Potter county, Pa., writes: "DR. HARTMAN, Columbus, O. The small ulcers are all healed, and the two large ones are not more than half as large as they were. I am feeling quite well. The people say your PERUNA and MANALIN are doing a miracle. I do not take nearly so much opium as I did before."

Joseph Thomas, East Brady, Pa., writes: "I have used your PERUNA and MANALIN with good results. In the year of 1880 I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I used PERUNA and MANALIN, and am now as healthy as I have ever been. I have also recommended it to several parties, and they have been much benefited by it."

Mr. C. H. Harris, New Vienna, Ohio, writes: "Our little girl was paralyzed at thirteen months old, and we resorted to everything we could hear of for relief, but she appeared to get but little better. Hearing of PERUNA we concluded to try it, and will say it has done her a great deal of good—the first bottle apparently giving aid and relief. We have used it for nervousness in other cases on other persons and found it a success. For general debility, and in fact for any disease, we don't think anything else can at all compare with it. We have used forty or fifty bottles, and our house is never without PERUNA. Our little girl is now eight years old, and can run any place, was for four years helpless. PERUNA cured her."

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.



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J. D. LONG, J. D. LONG

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A Complete Stock of

DRY GOODS, ..... DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE,
OILS, OILS AND PAINTS, PAINTS, GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,

Groceries,

COFFEES ..... SUGARS ..... TEAS ....FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, ..... .....SEGARS AND.....

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A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers absolutely sure. Address at once. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 17



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Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.

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To sell the patent "RAZOR BLADE SHEARS" and "IDEAL BUTTON-HOLE CUTTER." The only Shears in the world that the blades are fastened to handles by screws; can be sharpened or replaced with new blades when worn out. AGENTS CAN MAKE $12.00 PER DAY. Samples of three sizes of Shears and one pair Button-Hole Cutters sent to any address on receipt of $3.00.

Address The Razor Blade Shears Co., Chillicothe, O.



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In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

**Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,**

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the

CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

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A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO



SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

THE PASTILLE

Prof. Harris' Radical Cure

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FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that "while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 25, 1882

The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS, 306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $2, two months $5, three months $7.



FINEST AND BEST.

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EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD SHOULD HAVE A PAIR.

MANUFACTURER OF LOW QUARTER SHOES. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SIAMANG KID SHOES,

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.



We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of

MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES

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ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE

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..... SHOES, .....

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NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skillful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get one from druggist and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its speedy influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The exhausting elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The genial current cheers all and gains strength rapidly.

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Vegetable Balsamic

# ELIXIR

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Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the *Throat, Chest,* and *Lungs.* In all cases where this Elixir is used its efficacy is at once manifested, convincing the most incredulous that

CONSUMPTION

is not incurable, if properly attended to.—At its commencement it is but a slight irritation of the membrane which covers the Lungs; then an inflamation, when the cough is rather dry, local fever, and the pulse more frequent, the cheeks flushed and chills more common. This Elixir in curing the above complaints, operates so as to remove all morbid irritations and inflamation from the lungs to the surface, and finally expel them from the system. It facilitates expectoration.

It heals the ulcerated surfaces

and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and astringent articles, which are of so drying a nature as to be in great danger of destroying the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but, by removing the cause, consequently, when the cough is cured the patient is well. Send address for pamphlet giving full directions, free.

Price 35 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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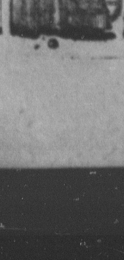

R. W. PAYNE & SONS, Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.

Elmira, N. Y. Dec. 1 1887.

### ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling;
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And stilled is the air of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,
The winds past the lattices moan;
The midnight chimes out from the minister,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling;
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love and contentment;
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling;
My voice echoes back on my heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! they fall empty apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumber air is bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling;
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder;
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up before me;
Old doubts my spirit they own.
Oh, come through the darkness and save me,
For I am alone.

### THE TRAMP.

I had a talk the other day with one of the damsels whose business it is to stand on their toes and whirl around upon the stage with giddy velocity for the amusement of the general public. She was a master of her profession, being able to execute an endless variety of very clever and difficult steps and terpsichorean feats with unerring grace and precision. She had danced before several of the crowned heads of Europe, and the crowned heads were reported as having nodded graciously in pleased approval. Off the stage, divested of glittering bangles and mechanical effects, the little dancer seemed a very sallow complexioned, hollow-eyed and generally commonplace individual, indeed. She looked tired and worn, while her eyes lacked that sparkle of excitement which characterized them when bowing her acknowledgments to the applauding public. From the luxurious daily life of a tramp, I pitied the poor little butterfly and sought a little information regardiug her methods.

"Is not your profession attended with considerable physical pain?" I inquired.

"Some of the positions and steps are very painful at first," she replied.

"This discomfort is reduced through practice?"

"Yes, it grows less as time passes, but we never overcome it entirely."

"Do you have any means of relief?"

"We bathe our joints in alcohol. This reduces the feverishness temporarily. Whirling on our toes is perhaps the most painful of all."

"What requisites are essential for success in your profession?"

"Grace and beauty of form. The latter is absolutely indispensable where the public is to be pleased altogether through the eye. A homely or scrawny girl is never successful in winning public approbation in the spectacular."

"As age approaches and your plumpness and vitality forsake you, how do you manage to retain your hold upon public affection?"

"We cannot do it. The life of a dancer, in a professional capacity, is a very short one. The fatigue is intense and tells upon one fearfully. Our usefulness is at an end in a very few years and we withdraw from the glare and glitter of the footlights to pick up a living as best we can. Sometimes we succeed, and sometimes we—starve! It costs a great deal to satisfy the demands of the human eye in this modern world of sensation."

I went from the presence of the little American dancer—with the charming French name—to one of the pretty parks for which Detroit is noted and seated myself upon a bench to meditate. I tried to compute the cost of pleasing the modern eye, but found the task too herculean for humble endeavor. I glanced about me meditatively and noticed a magnificent mansion upon which an army of workmen were busily engaged in placing the finishing touches. This abode of wealth and luxury faced the park and must have cost an immense fortune in the building. Then I noticed another thing which exactly fitted in with the crotchets of my present train of thought. More than two-thirds of the money lavished upon that modern residence had been expended entirely upon adornment for pleasing the eye of the beholder, without in the least adding to the comfort or convenience of the dwellers therein. I thoroughly believe in rendering the world as bright and beautiful as possible, and, therefore, have nothing to say in regard to the wisdom of spending for show what is so badly needed for the relief of existing misery. The building, at least, cannot be turned out to die when its beauty is tarnished.

I wandered into a Griswold street office a few days ago to request the privilege of turning an honest penny by carrying up a load of coal which had just been deposited at the door below. I have grown into the habit of regarding such odd jobs as my legitimate prey, and depend upon them as the only means at command by which to provide against actual starvation. The legal gentleman who owned the coal and occupied the neatly fitted up suite of apartments was in his office and also in a very bad temper—sufficiently so to blind his usually keen vision to the fact of my presence. His son—an effeminate appearing swell of about 20 years—was the only other occupant of the room. He sat upon the extreme outer edge of one of the leather covered office chairs, sucked vigorously at the head of a light-waisted rattan walking stick, and appeared very warm and ill at ease. The old gentleman was pleading a cause with much angry earnestness—a cause in which he was evidently more deeply interested than any which he had previously brought before the bar of human justice.

"Robert," he was saying, as I quietly entered and remained standing near the door, "you know something of my past history, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," stammered the young man, rolling the handle of the rattan to one side to allow the words to escape.

"You are aware that I started in the world for myself at 21 without a penny to my name and with but limited advantages in the way of education?"

"Yes, sir.,'

"You also know that my father had previously died penniless and that I had nothing to depend upon except my individuul energy and perseverance?"

"Ye-e-s,sir!"

"How much am I worth now?"

The young man rallied the small stock of brains at his command and wrestled for a moment with a problem in mental arithmetic.

"About $200,000, I believe, sir," he said at last.

"A little more than that sum," the old gentleman corrected, with evident satisfaction. "Now, how old am I, Robert?"

"Fifty-three," the young man replied with a slight drawl, the words sliding down the effeminate rattan lazily.

"Size of my family?"

"Mother, yourself, Lizzie, Viola, and myself."

"Exactly. In some respects your mathematical ability is greater than I had dared hope for, Robert Now, with a family of five on my hands, I have done pretty well in 32 years financially, have I not?"

"You bet!" the youth blurted out with more energy than he had previously displayed.

"Ever see me smoke a 25-cent cigar?"

"N-n-no, sir!"

"Do I break any considerable number of bottles of champagne at $2 50 per break?"

"Never knew you to drink a drop of anything intoxicating in my life, sir," Robert asserted, shifting his slight form to the opposite edge of the chair nervously.

He was beginning to catch the drift of the conversation.

"How many times per week do I find my way into the green-room of the variety theatres, and chuck the pretty actresses under their painted chins at a bottle of wine per chuck, Robert?"

"Y-you don't go there at all, of course, sir," Robert admitted.

'Oh, I don't go there at all—don't I? Never made any of my $200,000 clean cash capital in smoking cigars, drinking champagne or chucking giddy maidens under the chin, didn't I? Then my tact for business must have developed itself in some other direction. Let's see; perhaps I made my way in the world by running up livery bills at the rate of $15 or $20 per week. Do you know of any collection of bills of this character among my assets, my son?"

"N-no, sir,"

"Then the speedy damsels that look to me for their fund of amusement in this direction, cannot have enjoyed as many privileges as those of some other persons I might name. Ever notice the skillful manner in which I handle a billiard cue during an all night siege in a second-class saloon, Robert?"

"I-I guess you never play, sir,"

"Oh, I don't play, eh? Fault is located in the sad fact that I never enjoyed the advantages of a college education, I suppose. How many times per month do you come down stairs just before daybreak to issue a search warrant for the key-hole of the front door for my benefit, my son?"

"You are generally in very early, I believe, sir," the young man replied, now very much embarressed and thoroughly uncomfortable.

"Don't you think parting my watch chain in the middle and festooning it gracefully across the outside of my coat a genuine stroke of genius and an indication of solid commercial ability?"

"N-no sir!" Robert stammered, blushing beautifully.

"You seem determined to disagree with me to-day, my son. Have you any fault to find with the imported English drawl which I use in telling a jury, 'By jove! you knaw; it would weally be too nawsty on youah pawt to convict my client?'"

"Your accent is thoroughly and purely American," the son corrected.

"If I found myself reduced to poverty between this hour and sunset do you think I possess sufficient business ability to secure a situation?"

"At a moment's notice, sir."

"*How is it with yourself, Robert?*"

The young man started with such suddenness that the rattan dropped from between his lips to the floor. The father had suddenly abandoned his bantering style of address and turned towards the son with grave earnestness.

"I—I—don't know, sir," the young man stammered.

"I think I am pretty well acquainted with your capabilities, Robert. If the prop formed of my money were suddenly removed from your grasp, you would fall to the ground with sufficient force to break every bone in your body. Can you lay the charge of failure to inform you in regard to what constitutes a useful and progressive citizen at my door?"

Robert seemed to reflect for a moment upon a series of past lectures.

"N-no, sir!" he replied.

"Did I send you through school?"

Y-yes, sir!"

"Did I not select the best college in the entire country and send you there, at an expense of something like $2,500 per year?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Did you graduate with honor to yourself and me?—I mean in your legitimate studies. I am fully aware that you graduated with distinction in several branches of modern cussedness."

"N—no sir!"

"What was the reason, Robert?"

"I—I was expelled before the close of the sophomore year, sir?"

"Your expulsion was my fault, was it not?"

"Oh, no! sir."

"If you suddenly found yourself without resources, what could you do for a livlihood?"

"I—I'm sure I don't know."

"Have you attempted to master any profession?"

"No, sir."

"Did I ever request you to concentrate your energies in this direction?"

"Often, sir."

"And you always put me off, did you not?"

"I believe I did, sir."

"Are your muscles sufficiently developed for manual labor?"

"I—I'm afraid not," the young man replied, glancing down at the willowy rattan upon which he was accustomed to rely for support.

"Don't you sometimes hate yourself, my son, while reading of or gazing upon grand specimens of manhood?"

Robert looked ashamed but ventured nothing in reply.

"Now, I have a proposition to make," the father continued. "I desire to test your manhood. If the test proves satisfactory, I shall at once expend all the money necessary for giving you a start in the world in any direction you may fancy. The test may seem to you to be a difficult one, but I can assure you at your age I should have regarded it in the light of a picnic. At the street door lies a ton of coal which should be carried upstairs and deposited in the bin before night. I can hire it done in the usual way for 50 cents. Now, as a test of true manhood, I wish you to take the scuttle and defy your worthless companions by performing the task for me. I will gladly pay you $10 dollars for the job, and consider that I have made a good bargain, besides. Will you accept my offer, Robert?"

I listened to this proposition without regret, glad to lose the coveted half dollar for the sake of proving Robert's manhood.

"I—I'll try, sir," I heard the young man reply, with a rueful glance at his delicate hands and immaculate clothes.

Then I stole quietly out of the room and vanished down the stairway. I desired that Robert should have a fair field and no favor.

At sunset I again turned my steps in the direction of the lawyer's street door. When the locality was gained I glanced anxiously about me and found that the coal—loomed up in the gathering darkness exactly where I had last seen it earlier in the afternoon. Robert's manhood had been proved!

### Two Toilers.

One is a dressmaker, the other a bookkeeper, the latter from a comfortable country home. For a year she endured life in a boarding house at $4 a week for board and room. It was all she could afford out of her salary of $25 a month It occurred to her that if she could associate a friendly dressmaker with her the two could have a large room and possibly afford the expense of a fire in the long winter evenings, so that they could sew, read or chat undisturbed. The dressmaker consenting the two set out to find a room suited to their means and as they looked their project grew and finally resolved itself into two rooms and a system of housekeeping, on the smallest possible scale, as an experiment. They scrimped on their summer hats and dresses and bought a second-hand parlor cook stove and a few dishes, rented their rooms very plainly furnished in a cheap quarter and entered on their new life. They breakfasted together and separated for the day, the dressmaker returning after tea. The bookkeeper comes home at noon, gets her simple dinner and leaves the housework until she returns after 6 o'clock, and shortly after the dressmaker comes in. Half an hour suffices to put their small domain in order, and the evening is spent in reading, rest or recreation. Gradually their rooms have assumed a cozy, homelike aspect, the dressmaker has bought a sewing machine, the bookkeeper a writing desk, their food is of better quality at one-half the cost, and they are vastly happier in every way. It is two years since they entered into this useful and friendly partnership, and the bookkeeper's heart is almost broken because her friend has a lover who is destined some day to break up the cozy home. She wickedly hopes that times will be so hard that they cannot marry, and that Providence will send her a lover, or a nice girl to keep house with, as the least compensation for her loss.

### How They Vote In Germany.

A striking feature of the German municipal system is its entire independence of national politics. No issues but those arising out of municipal questions are allowed to influence the city elections. Every male inhabitant 24 years of age has a right to vote on municipal elections provided that he has his own household and is not dependent upon father or mother; that he has not received alms from the funds for 12 years; that he has paid all municipal dues; that he pays an income tax or class tax. Under one or another of these five conditions all industrious persons in the city are included. That all votes should count equally is regarded as unbusiness like. The arrangement adopted to meet this point of view is this: Voters are divided into three classes, each of which elect one-third of the city council. To the first class are assigned so many of the largest taxpayers as pay one-third of the taxes assessed; to the second so many as in the aggregate pay the second-third of the taxes; to the third class belong all not included in the first and second. Each of the three classes elects forty-two members of the council, its influence upon questions of finance being kept in strict equality with its tax payments. The City Council of Berlin has long been conspicuous for the educational and financial standing of its members. Election to it is accounted an honor, to which the ablest men of the city aspire.

### Mrs. Polk.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who is now eighty-one years of age, recently speaking of the time when she was lady of the White House, said that she enjoyed that period of her life, and looked back upon it after forty years with pleasure. She is fond of recalling incidents of Mr. Polk's administration, and is proud of his career. She says she regards the annexation of Texas and the results following the Mexican war, that is, the acquirement of the Californias, New Mexico, and all those Territories so rich in mineral ore, as some of the most important events in the history of this country. In fact, she thought Mr. Polk's administration was second to none, and she would not even except the results obtained by Mr. Jefferson. She says history is now proving the advantages gained by these accessions, all due to Mr. Polk's administration

### Dolls.

Millions of china, wax and other dolls are sold in this country, yet none are manufactured here. From Germany, England and France, where labor is cheap, the supply emanates, and the men who control the market are so few in number that they can manipulate doll famines and corners in any quarter of the globe, and enrich their pockets accordingly. The most surprising fact about dolls is that their facial features are made to vary equally with those of the human. While it is true that whole sets of dolls have features intended to be exactly alike, yet the number of differential sets is so vast and inconceivable that the variation is nearly equal to that of the human race. When it is remembered that one girl wears out an average of fifty dolls, and that seventy million girls are using an average of five dolls annually, the matter seems easier of comprehension. Facial features are produced and reproduced in dolls by means of models. Those who prepare the models are active in securing sketches of pretty faces. They acquire the ability to portray the features of any face attracting attention. Any one who has passed through a great toy establishment must have marveled at the long rows of faces of exquisite beauty. To the close observer it is apparent that the modelers have faithfully reproduced in clay the features of the successive generations of children. If there were in existence a musuem containing one of each type of feature manufactured every year, it would comprise a faithful panorama of humanity as it appeared in infancy year after year. It is the duty of the modeler of dolls to examine consecutive generations of the human family in different countries in order that the styles in faces may keep pace with the changes of countenances of children.

We have here the fact and its explanation that there are fashions in dolls as well as in dress. An incident is related showing that the road of the modeler is not always of easy travel. One day a celebrated modeler discovered a child with a countenance more beautiful than any he had ever beheld. He spoke kindly to it, and loaded it with sweetmeats and caresses. Then, in a moment of temptation which he could not resist, he bore it away to his studio, where he delineated every feature of its face, and saw so many suggestions for other exquisite models by means of slight modifications that he secretly kept it. The dolls modeled therefrom were sent all over the world, and increased his wealth and position far above manufacturers of his kind. When he was done with the child he took its life, fearing the consequences of abduction. Meanwhile the stricken parents had not been idle. Alarm was sounded through the country, and failing in this way to secure the child, detectives were set at work. One day a German detective crossed over into Paris, and went into a great toy shop where beautiful children were employed as pages. He did not find the child, but on the shelves he saw its image stamped with variations on a thousand dolls. The secret was found out at last.

Nine-tenths of all the dolls produced are manufactured in the province of Thuringia in Germany. This comprises but thirty-five square miles, and belongs to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. The central market of receipt is Sonneberg, a city of some 12,000 inhabitants. The population of Thuringia is about 50,000, or 1,500 people to the square mile. Every one here is a doll laborer, engaged in making a wig, an eye, a leg, an arm, a dress, some part of doll furniture, or at work in the ovens and clay, or elsewhere. The children work until they are sent to school, under compulsion, where they remain to the age of 14. Then the girls return to their work for life, and the boys go to the army for a period of years, after which they return for life, unless called out by war. These wretched people have been trained to this drudgery so long that it has become a matter of instinct with them. They are fitted for no other work, and if they were, have no money by which to get away. If they went away, there are few doll makers elsewhere. So it happens that whole families, from the grandsire to the grandchild, labor from generation to generation, and from morning to night. Each family has a little patch of land, where a few potatoes are cultivated. If a mishap befalls the potatoes it brings more misery and woe to them.

If these families have bacon and potatoes once a week during the year they regard it as a season of prosperity. Yet in spite of this poverty they are seldom without their beer. They can go without food and clothes, but never without beer. Every day people may be seen entering Sonneberg with large baskets upon their heads bearing the product of several days' or perhaps a week's industry. For this they receive a dollar, or fifty cents more, which is greedily but scantily divided for absolute necessities.

The manufacturers of Paris produce the finest wax dolls. It requires almost consummate skill to make these toys. Each workman has models at home, and buys materials for manufacture. The skeleton is constructed out of lime and plaster of Paris, and the eyes, nose, mouth and ears are cut with a knife. The figure being ready is dipped into hot wax and dried. It then goes to the painter for features, then to the hairdresser for a wig, and finally to the work girls to be dressed. The money value of the dolls depends upon its coating of wax; the thinly coated ones usually crack in cold weather. The wax formerly was produced through the agency of the bee, but a substitute is beginning to be found in ozocerite, or wax made from the residue of petroleum.

China dolls are more exclusively the product of the factory. After being modeled by hand, they are baked in a great oven for a week. During this time the utmost care and watchfulness are required. The tenders are never permitted to sleep. A draught of air will produce disastrous results. A single oven contains 5,000 dolls, and thirty ovens are often full at once in one factory. At the end of the week the dolls come out, in all conditions. About one in five is perfect. After baking, the dolls are painted and glazed. The imperfect ones are separated by themselves and sold to "fairs" and "cheap-John" concerns, which dispose of them to people who infest such places. One German factory has been running about one hundred and thirty years, and has produced one billion dolls. Some of the manufacturers are enormously rich. All attempts at manufacturing dolls in this country have failed owing to the cheap labor abroad. Congress, however, levies thirty-five per cent. duty on those toys (which make women of our girls), in expectation of future manufacture here.

The dolls form a miniature world of inanimate women, since the young ladies who play with dolls prefer young lady dolls. It is difficult to comprehend that they require every article in use by the human being except food and drink. The styles of doll outfits change with the fashions in dolls. The "chignon" and "waterfalls," the high back hair and the Langtry bang, with others of their kind, passed away successively within a few years. All stylish dolls to-day have hair a la Rembrandt. Their furniture, dresses and other articles of wear and tear are patterned after the fashions of the animate world. The dolls themselves have undergone a marvellous evolution. They can walk, kneel down, sit down, stand up or be placed in any attitude. Not satisfied with this, the inventor has provided them with interior apparatus to play musical airs. They squall and laugh artificially. They anatomically say "papa" and "mamma." In a word, the modern doll has been favored by invention, as plants and animals are by selection, and threatens to talk to us automatically, and become human without humanity, and living without life.

It cannot be said that the modern progress of the doll toward artificial being has an elevating tendency on the young. The primeval object of the doll among the Greeks and Romans—an object persistent through all later history—was early to impart to the mind of the young girl the duties of maternity. The girl with her doll was a mother in embryo, as it were, learning maternal duty and love toward offspring. The doll of to-day is either a source of amusement or inordinate vanity. Even if endowed with an interior phonograph, and thus enabled to reproduce the human voice in any amount of speech, it must become a mere toy, stripped of its moral teaching.

### The Height of Waves.

Many experiments have been made to measure the height of waves in all conditions of weather. One authority goes as high as 64 feet, and another as low as five feet, giving it as his reason that the penetrating power of wind cannot reach below that depth. Of this philosopher it may be presumed that he was a martyr to sea sickness, and that he must have contented himself with making his calculations in his study. On the other hand, a height of 64 feet is almost as absurd, though it is more in correspondence than five feet can possibly be with our conception of the altitude of the majestic surges which roll under the impulse of storms of wind along the surface of the great oceans. It is true that the earthquake wave has been known to rise 60 feet; yet surges of this kind are happily scarce, since when they occur they are not only in the habit of razing whole towns upon the coast line where they break, but of carrying some of the vessels they may encounter at anchor in the neighborhood to the distance of a day's walk inland. Practical experience, however, will look with suspicion upon most of the scientific theories touching the altitude and velocity of the waves. Professor Airy's table couples speed with dimensions, and as a sample of his calculations, it may be shown that a wave one hundred thousand feet in breadth will travel at the rate of 533 90 per second in water that is ten thousand feet deep. This is possible, but it is difficult to accept such conclusions as exact. At all events there is nothing more deceptive than the height of waves. The tallest seas in the world run off Cape Horn, where, whether the wind blows east or west, they have a holiday ground within a belt of eight or ten degrees that compasses the globe without the intervention of a break of land. Any man who has run, say, before a strong westerly gale round the Horn will know the magnitude of the seas which follow his ship. Viewed from the stern, when the vessel sinks in the trough, the oncoming sea that is about to underrun the ship, and lift her soaring to the flying heavens, will seem to have its rushing summit to the height of the mizzen top; but when the summit is gained by the observer, and the waves viewed from there, it will then be seen that those crests which from the deck looked a long way up, will now appear to be a long way down. It is a common shore going phrase that the seas run mountains high. The idea implied is not very generally accepted by sailors, though the term may be sometimes used by them for convenience. The truth is, if waves were as tall as they are popularly supposed to be, no ship could by any possibility live in them. They are lofty to the fancy, because at sea they are usually surveyed from low freeboards. To a spectator on a steamer, with a six foot height of side, an Atlantic or Pacific surge would necessarily appear as a mountain compared to the aspect it would take from the deck of an old line of battle ship, with a thirty foot dip, or from one of those lofty, glazed, castellated structures which in former times took six months to jog soberly from the Thames to the Hooghly.

*To* produce an electric spark it is only necessary to warm a sheet of paper in front of a good fire or stove or over a lamp. Upon going into a dark place and applying the knuckle to the paper a very decided spark will start from the latter, accompanied by a slight cracking sound. Take two sheets of paper and interpose a sheet of goldleaf between them. After electrifying them as above described, it will be only necessary to pass a pencil point in a zigzag manner over their surface to cause the appearance thereon of a luminous flash of considerable intensity. These experiments, which are very easy to perform, may serve to demonstrate the fundamental rules of static electricity to children.

### The Returning Gold-Hunter.

In the crowd at the Lake Shore Depot was a big fellow wearing a fur overcoat and a broad-brimmed hat. He walked up and down the great platform with his hands in his pockets, smoking and singing, apparently in the best of humor. One of those inquisitive men always to be found near a railway train, who had been watching him for some time, finally ventured to address him.

"From the West?"

The individual in fur removed his cigar and replied: "You bet."

"Going East?"

"You bet."

The inquisitive man became interested. He was going East too. It was eleven years since he had been east of Lake Michigan, and he was going down to see the old folks in Pennsylvania.

"That ain't a marker to me," said the Westener, with great vehemence. "I went West in '49, and this is my first appearance this side of the Rocky Mountains since. I live when I am to home in Maine and that's where I am going now. When I left there I was a boy of 22 or thereabouts. Do you think they will know me now?" and he stroked his gray beard thoughtfully.

"They will if you've got rich in the meantime," said the inquisitive man, making an effort to appear as if he did not care whether the question implied by his remark was answered or not. He was equally surprised when his companion responded:

"That's just it, stranger. I've been on the coast these thirty-five years. Jerusalem! but think of it—a lifetime almost. I've had mor'n a thousand prospect sthat were considered immense. I've been chasing something, nothing, all these years, Sleeping or waking I've seen the glitter of gold. Did you ever get that way? No, of course you didn't. I have seen gold everywhere and yet could not find it. The mountains with their snowy peaks, the glistening ice, the sparkling frost have all filled me with wonder, avarice, greed. Everything that shone has tempted me. My eyes have been strained so long, my whole being has been so absorbed in this cursed search that it tires me to look anywhere or at anything. I like to smoke and close my eyes and think. A wasted life is not pleasant for reflection. The hardships that I have endured, the things that might have been haunt me and disgust me with myself."

"Realtives down East?" inquired the man by his side, who was getting interested.

"Yes, sir, my mother, and that's what's taking me over the divide, stranger. A curious thing about that. Mighty curious. For 35 years I hardly gave the old lady a thought. She wrote frequently and I wrote when I had time but not like I ought to have done. I was absorbed in gold hunting when one day I received a letter from her containing her photograph. She's more'n 75 years old. It struck me like an avalanche. 'Poor old mother,' says I, and as I looked up I saw myself, wrinkled and gray, in a glass, and observed, 'Poor fool, boy.' Well, sir, from that moment I lost interest in gold, quartz and placers. When I looked at the snowy peaks I saw my mother. I dreamed of her at night. Her eyes were always before me, swimming in tears as they were the day we parted. Finally I gave up, converted what little property I had into dust and determined to go home. I don't care who knows it. Here's a 49er who has been lured from the gold country by a mother's tear's. It will pay me richer dividends than the things that I have been chasing so long.

### A Pigeon Ranch.

Maj. Ryan has returned to Austin, from a trip to San Antonio.

"Well, who did you see over in San Antonio?" asked Monroe Miller, on meeting him. "Did you see Dave Pulsiver!"

"Yes, I saw Dave. He is getting rich, making money hand over fist. He has got the safest thing you ever saw. He has got a pigeon ranche."

"A pigeon ranche! Why, there can't be money in that."

"But there is a bonanza in it the way Dave manages. I wanted to buy a half interest in it, but he wouldn't sell."

"Do the people eat so many pigeons over at San Antonio."

"No, they don't eat any more pigeons over there than we do here in Austin, but you see Dave has a contract to furnish the San Antonio Gun club with pigeons. The Gun club is practicing every day, in order to get up a match with the Austin Gun club."

"I don't see how he can make so much money at that."

"You have never seen those San Antonio marksmen shoot. They only hit one pigeon in ten. Dave has those pigeons trained so that as soon as they are shot at and missed, they fly home, and next day, Dave sells them over again to the Gun club, and back they come again all safe and sound. Dave hasn't got a pigeon on his ranche that has not been shot at forty times, and he has got more pigeons now than when the San Antonio Gun club began shooting at them."

A FASHIONABLE dude who had been spending the summer at St. Albans became acquainted with a pretty country lass on an excursion, and received an invitation to call upon her at her home in East Swinton. Hireing a nobby outfit he drove up there one day last week and drew up at the farm house door in great state. No one making an appearance, he reached out and tapped on the door with his cane. Presently a woman appeared with her arms covered with flour up to her elbows.

"Aw—is Miss Blank at home, may I awsk?"

"Naw, she ain't—not to callers."

"Will you kindly inform me where she is?"

"Wall if you must know, she ain't a hundred miles off. But she's busy."

"Ah! watering her roses, I do not doubt—or perhaps twining her vines?"

"Naw she isn't. She's out on the barn roof helping the old man to shingle."

The dude drove back to St. Albans.

## A MOTHER'S DREAD.

### The Wonderful Histrionic Development of a Famous Child Actress.

*Chicago World.*

The New York public was surprised a few years ago at the arrest, at the instigation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of little Corinne, the child actress. The little girl, less than eight years old, was taken from her parents and kept in confinement until released by order of the Court and Mayor of the city. Mrs. Jennie Kimball, the mother of Corinne, who has been known to the public for many years as vocalist and commedienne, has devoted the greatest care to the training and education of Corinne, and the result is a development of natural faculties really phenomenal.

"When did you discover Corinne's remarkable talent?" was asked of Mrs. Kimball.

"I can hardly remember the time when her eyes would not sparkle at the sound of music; she began to sing before she could talk. Before she was four years old she created a sensation and received the prize of a gold chain and locket studded with diamonds, at the National baby show in Boston. Next she sang in a concert given by Brown's Brigade Band, and in 1879 made her debut as Little Buttercup in the Juvenile Pinafore Company. Since then she has sung in opera and played various roles nearly everywhere."

Mrs. Kimball is a lady of fine presence, and when playing at the Boston Museum, was herse f known as "Little Jennie Kimball."

"What has become of the *little* lady?" asked the reporter.

"She has given place to the person you see before you. Like so many others I have grown somewhat fleshy. Indeed I assumed such proportions that I began to fear for my health. Why, at times I would have the most suffocating sensation in my heart; then again my head would be attacked and I have frequently fallen to the floor in a dead fainting fit. I consulted several eminent physicians and they told me I must abandon the stage if I expected or hoped to live. This seemed terrible, for I am devoted to my profession and also to the development of Corinne."

"And yet you appear perfectly strong?"

"And so I am. Why, I have reduced my weight over twenty pounds within three months and I never felt better in my life. If any who are troubled as I was questions this, let them try Warner's safe cure, the remedy I used, and they will, I am sure, be speedily convinced of its truth. I believe it is the finest medicine in the world, and any number of my friends to whom I have recommended it have found it as beneficial as it has been to me."

"Is Corinne's health good?"

"Perfect. The child has so much life and vivacity she is overflowing with it, on and off the stage."

The only previous instance of such remarkable precocity which history chronicles is that of the famous Peg Woffington, who first appeared in "The Beggar's Opera," when but a little older than Corinne.

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*From* the fact, determined by W. Spring, that the color of pur water in great bulk is blue, M. Ch. Montigny explains the predominance of this color in the scintillation of the stars just before and during the wet weather. The luminous rays, he argues, traversing the air charged with large quantities of pure water are necessarily tinged with the blue color of this medium The excess of blue thus becomes an almost certain means of predicting rain. This theoretic conclusion corresponds with the results of his observations continued for several years past on the appearance of the stellar rays in connection with the state of the weather. During the few months of fine weathor in the present year blue has been much less conspicious than in the corresponding months of the previous year since 1876, when wet weather prevailed. It also appears that green, which had always coincided with clear skies during the fine years before 1876, has recently again become predominant. Hence he thinks it probable that we have got over the cycle of bad seasons, and that dry weather and more normal summers may be anticipated at least, for some time to come. The above is from *Nature*, and the same number contains an abstract of a paper by Professor C. Mitchie Smith, on green-colored suns, in which he concludes that the phenomenon is due to the presence of unusual quantities of watery vapor in the atmosphere.

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*An* electric light-house has recently been erected on the Island of Raza, at the entrance of the Bay of Rio Janeiro. The light-house proper is eighty-five feet high, and is put upon a rock two hundred and thirty feet in height, so that the focus of the light of the apparatus is fixed at an elevation of three hundred and fifteen feet above the sea. The electric current is produced by a continuous current Gramme machine, working at the rate of seven hundred revolutions, and feeding a light of two thousand candle power. The Gramme machine referred to is worked by a stationary surface-condensing steam-engine, this arrangement being inevitable, owing to the want of fresh water. All the fittings are double, so as to prevent interruption by unforseen accidents, and, to make assurance doubly sure, an oil-lamp is always kept in readiness. The light is revolving, having two white discs and one red one, succeeding one another at fifteen minutes' interval, and the light is visible at about thirty-five statute miles.

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*Figures* lately published in the Journal Official show that the unfavorable condition of France as regards the increase of population is more marked than ever. As far as such increase is dependent upon the augmentation of births over deaths, the population of France would take 267 years to double itself. In reality the doubling takes place more rapidly; owing to an increasing number of immigrants it occurs once in 165 years.

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*Several* years ago several white spots were discovered on the surface of the plant Venus, and have since been studied by Mons. Trouvelot in nearly 250 observations. The spots appear to be near the poles of the planet, and the eminent astronomer concludes that they are the summits of high mountains projecting above the opaque cloudy envelope which covers Venus.

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HOME-MADE CHENILLE.—A friend inquires what can be done with bits of silk and satin which remain on hand from a quilt. I can answer from experience. After completing a large quilt of these materials of varied colors, I had much on hand from cutting and rimming, which seemed only fit for the waste basket. A little thought convinced me that even pieces an inch square could be made useful. So these seemingly useless scraps, I cut crosswise, a half inch wide, and run a strong sewing silk through the middle of each, drew it closely together, then trimmed it with scissors till quite smooth. Nice home-made chenille can be made in this way. The variety of shades in the pieces of silk, mixed together promiscuously, adds to its beauty. I have made yards of it for edge of cushions, etc.

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FEATHER FLOWERS.—Use nice white goose feathers, and cut them in the shape you want them, to imitate any kind of flower you choose. I made a rose. Take a little wax to which to fasten them, and put them on green wire, and with some tube paint to tinge them the natural shade they can be made as pretty as wax flowers with a little time and patience. Pretty feather ornaments can be made of any kind of bird's wings and breast. Take them as soon as the birds are killed, and put them down smoothly with a warm iron on them; let it remain until the wings are stiff, then cut a piece of pasteboard the shade of the new moon and tack your wings and breast on to suit your fancy.

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PREPARING CRANBERRIES.—Cranberries should be washed and carefully picked over before using. They should always be cooked in a porcelain kettle over a brisk fire. The secret of preserving the rich color and delicious flavor is to cook them as quickly as possible, without stirring them. To three pints of washed cranberries add three cups of granulated sugar and three gills of water. After they begin to boil cover closely and let them cook for ten minutes. Take from the stove, skim and set to cool. This forms a very nice dish of sauce for tea, or is excellent as a side dish with meat at dinner.

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THE new Upright Pianos of Mason & Hamlin are highly praised by good judges. They possess a refinement of musical tone which charms the connoisseur and all who hear it. This is owing largely to the new system of their construction. The great experience of Mason & Hamlin in their organ business, with the aid of their large corps of superior musical and mechanical experts, has enabled them, after several years of expensive experiments, to produce a piano which bids fair to do more for their reputation than even their famous organs have accomplished. Their chief improvement consists in securing the stringsby metallic fastenings, instead of pins held by friction, which renders it easy to put the three strings of each tone exactly in unison, and thereby produce tones of wonderful sweetness and purity. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have made 150,000 cabinet organs. They can hardly hope to reach this number of pianos, but we doubt not their new "uprights" will command a very large sale.—*Boston Traveller.*

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'Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it.

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MERRIMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

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We rate ability in men by what they finish, not by what they attempt,

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**Carbo-lines.**

Full oft we feel the surge of tears,
Yet joy has light for all the years.
To all whose hair is getting thin,
Our Carboline will keep it in.

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Don't complain because it's too hot, or too cold, or its raining, or too dry.

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BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for Coughs and Colds: "The only article of the kind which has done me good service. I want nothing better."—*Rev. R. H. Craig, Otisville, N. Y.* Sold only in boxes.

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People swear because they know their words are worthless.

---

**Pretty Women.**

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

---

How much pain the evils have cost us that never happened.

---

**YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.**

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young and old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

---

Be cheerful at breakfast time, for if you are surly then, you are apt to be so for the rest of the day.

---

**Life Preserver.**

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

---

Avoid yourself what you think wrong in your neighbor.

---

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

---

Revenge is the only debt which it is wrong to pay.

---

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

---

Truth is the hidden gem we all should dig for.

---

**"Rough on Toothache."**

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, facesache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15&25c.

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You will not be sorry for hearing before judging.

---

A CREAM PIE.—One cup of butter, two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of milk, three and a half cups of sifted flour, five eggs and three teaspoonfuls of yeast powder. Bake in two jelly cake pans. The filling for the cream pie—One and a half pints of milk, one cup of sugar, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and one heaping tablespoonful of butter. Boil the ingredients until as thick as starch. When the cake is cold cut it open and spread the filling between.

---

PARISANS have quite abandoned the idea that lace curtains must be hung close to the glass of their windows, and substitute stained glass or puckered blinds of silk, canvas or almost any thin material, drawn on vertical tapes. They also use "stained glass" curtains, which imitate the colors and lead lines of a stained glass window and Madras curtains. The result of this is that their rooms are much prettier, and their houses, seen from without, have not their former unpleasant look of uniformity.

---

PUMPKIN PIES,—Permit me to say to those who are in love with the good old-fashioned pumpkin pie that time, labor and scorched pumpkin and a dirty kettle are saved by simply cutting the pumpkin in two, and after the seeds are removed, placing the two halves in a good oven to bake. When thoroughly done peel off the rind and dried skin which will have formed inside in baking, mash, put through a sieve or colander and season to your liking.

---

CUSTARD FOR CAKE.—Blanch one pound of almonds by pouring boiling water over them to soften the brown skin. After the skin is removed chop the nuts very fine, and mix with it two eggs well beaten, one cup of thick, sour cream; sweeten to taste and highly flavor with vanilla,

---

**"Over and Over Again."**

Repetition is sometimes the only way to impress a truth upon the mind. Accordly take notice that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," (the original Little Liver Pills) continue to be wonderfully effective in cases of sick and nervous headache, constipation, indigestion, rush of blood to the head, cold extremities, and all ailments arising from obstruction of the bodily functions. Their action is thorough yet gentle, and the ingredients being entirely vegetable, they can be taken with impunity into the most delicate stomach. All druggists.

---

In every relation of life we must bear and forbear; we must not expect perfection, and each party should carry the cloak of charity for the other.

---

**Old Inveterate Strictures**

of the urethra, speedily and permanently cured by our improved methods. Pamphlet, references and terms, two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

---

In judging of others, a man often erreth; but in examining himself, he always labors fruitfully.

---

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

---

Judge charitably and act kindly to each other.

---

**"Rough on Itch."**

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

---

Chronic growlers are very poor companions.

---

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a fine blood depurent, a rational cathartic, and a superb antibilious specific. It rallies the failing energies of the debilitated, and checks premature decay. Fever and ague, bilious remittent, dyspepsia and bowel complaints are among the evils which it entirely removes. In tropical countries, where the liver and bowels are organs most unfavorably affected by the combined influence of climate, diet and water, it is a very necessary safeguard. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

47 395

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**PILES** "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416. NEW YORK.

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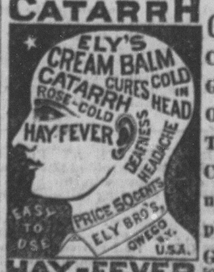
**CATARRH**




ELY'S Cream Balm Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at Once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply into Nostrils. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Sample by mail 10 cents. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philada., Pa.

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A GIFT Sure to Please. SATIN SACHETS delicously perfumed and finely embroidered with a name or motto, imparting a delicate and lasting odor to linen, furs, gloves, clothing, etc., from 50 cts. to $1.50 apiece. The trade supplied. A. METRAL, 279 6th Avenue, New York.

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**DR. LINQUIST'S**

| | |
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| Spinal Misses' Waist | $1 75 |
| Spinal Corset | 2 00 |
| Spinal Nursing Corset | 2 25 |
| Spinal Abdominal Corset | 2 75 |

Recommended by leading physicians, delivered free anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed. Lady Agents Wanted. *Dr. Linquist's Spinal Corset Co.*, 412 B'way, N.Y.

---

THE sudden change in the weather reminded the young woman of her sealskin sacque packed away up stairs.

She brought it down and showed it to her father.

"It looks a little worn and shabby, my dear," said the old gentleman; "I will give you the money to get a new one before cold weather sets in."

"Oh, no, you needn't papa. A little cleaning and brushing and it can be made to look very well for another season at least."

She then went into the kitchen and made some biscuits for tea that reminded the writer of swansdown, only they weren't quite so heavy.

The name and address of this girl will be given to any young man whose references are satisfactory.

---

MAN with business air drives up to gate and calls the farmer.

"How are you, sir? I want to buy a large quantity of fodder."

"I've got plenty of it."

"Bright and well cured?"

"Yes, sir."

"Never been rained on, eh?"

"Never has been damaged."

"Well, I'll take all you've got. I'll send for it to-morrow."

"He must own a big livery stable in town," says the farmer when the man drives away.

"Oh, no," replies a bystander. "He is the manufacturer of a popular brand of smoking tobacco."

---

"MY gracious, Lucilie, what's the matter?" asked an Arkansas father, as his daughter, with streaming hair, dashed into the library.

"Oh, that heaven will bestow its comforts!" supplicated the girl, sinking to the floor.

"For Lord's sake, tell me what's the matter, girl!" lifting his daughter.

"George, my betrothed, is dead."

"Why, don't take on so," said the old gentleman, allowing her to sink to the floor again. Don't give way to your feelings in this unreasonable way. You take on as though the Prohibitionists had carried every ward in the city."

---

MRS. SMITH was calling on Mrs. Brown when a sudden storm came up.

"I declare" said Mrs. Smith, it's too provoking. I haven't any rubbers with me, and my shoes are very thin."

"I can lend you a thick pair of my own, if you think you can wear them" suggested Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, thanks; you are very kind. I believe I will avail myself of your offer. I don't think they will be much too large."

---

MRS. DE SPARKS—"Oh! have you heard the news?"

Mr. De Sparks—"What news?"

"Mrs. De Poultice's daughter has eloped with the coachman."

"Nothing unusual about that. She did what all other women do."

"What all other women do? What do you mean?"

"She took a husband for wheel and whoa."

---

"GIVE me a small glass of beer." said a gentleman as he entered a saloon in Cincinnati.

"Schmall bier!" exclaimed the proprietor, "was ist das?"

"What is it? It is a small glass of beer, of course."

"Vell, vell, dot ist der first dime I efler had calls for some schmall biers like dot. Yar vas ein stranger in Cincinnati?"

"Yes," the gentleman replied, "I am from New York."

---

"IT IS NOT every one who can dawnce. It wequires bwains, I assuah you."

"I don't agree with you, Mr. De Silva," replied Miss Badger. "I saw a dog lead the German the other day."

"That was vewry strange. Where was it?"

"On Fourteenth street. The German was blind."

---

"THAT is a very handsome picture," he observed politely to the artist. "What do you call it?"

"That is a study from still life."

"What is the name of it?"

"A Tramp at Work."

---

MISS NOBODY—"And so your sister married an Italian count?"

Miss Somebody—"Yes, a genuine count. His title is perfect."

Miss Nobody—"He accompanied her home, I suppose?"

"Miss Somebody—"Yes. Hark! There he comes now. I would know his hand organ among a thousand."

---

"HOW OLD is your little boy?" asked Mr. Smith.

"He is just six."

"No I ain't," interposed the little boy. "I'm 8."

"Why so you are—of course. What am I thinking about?"

"I guess you were thinking about the street car conductor, pa."

---

"WHY don't you write what I dictate?" said a Dallas merchant to his clerk.

"Because the sun is shining on the paper so that I can't see to write."

"Then turn the paper over and write on the other side, you donkey."

---

HUSBAND—"Was the Ladies Club lively to-night?"

Wife—"No; awfully dull. Every member was present, and, of course, one can't speak of people before their faces; so we had nothing at all to talk about."

---

A YOUNG man having asked a girl if he might go home with her from singing-class and been refused, said: "You are as full of airs as a mnical box." "Perhaps so," she retorted, "but if I am, I don't go with a crank."

---

A VERMONT woman is awful mad because she mistook a London Punch joke in an almanac for a cottage pudding recipe, and made the whole family sick with the blues for two days.

---

*According* to a recent authority, a Japanese fish known as the fuku is so poisonous that death follows almost instaneously after eating only a moderate piece of it. It is not infrequently the cause of death among the lower classes, who believe it to be possessed of certain marvelous properties, on account of which they risk the danger of being poisoned.

---

*A recently* invented life buoy has as a novel feature a seamless brass reservoir running entirely around the inside, which is filled with oil through a hole in the top, which is then covered by a cap which screws on. On each side of the upper part of the oil tube is placed a rose—similar to those placed upon sprinkling cans—so that when the life buoy is hung upon the vessel's stern no oil can escape; but the moment it is placed horizontally the liquid begins to escape and covers the sea with a thin film of oil, spreading out rapidly on every side until a large circle is formed, within which the person who has fallen overboard may rest until rescued by the boats.

---

*M. M. Delune et Cie* have undergoing trial at Toulouse a method of laying subterranean telegraph cables. The arrangement consists of beton pipes, having a longitudinal opening on the top, and connected with cement sleeves. After the cables are placed in them, by simply unwinding as the work proceeds, the longitudinal opening is cemented up.

---

*The* latest treatment of brain irritation consists of seclusion in a darkened room for from ten to fifteen hours a day, while progressively increasing the hours of sleep; and the excessive use of bromides and other stupor-inducing sedatives is discouraged. It is claimed that the soothing effect of a deep twilight is alone a therapeutic agent of great value in cases of extreme cerebral irritation.

---

**ST. JACOBS OIL**

THE GREAT
**GERMAN REMEDY**
**FOR PAIN.**
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites.
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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**KIDNEY-WORT**

**THE SURE CURE**
FOR
**KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.**

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. R. N. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES
it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system. 2

PRICE, $1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Burlington Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

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**DEBILITY** of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the Hospitals of France. Prompt return of Vigor simple cases, $3 to $5. Severe cases, $8 to $12. Pamph let Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St., N.Y.

---

**Hale's Honey**
OF
**Horehound and Tar**

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. **Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.** German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
**VEGETABLE COMPOUND**
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best
FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

*Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.*

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

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25c. EACH or 5 for $1., by mail, Hair Renewer, Voice Troches, Beauty Balm, Vigor Tonic, Beard Grower. Cliparee Co. Phila. Pa.

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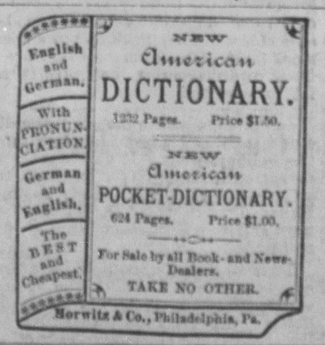


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## DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

### Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar.**

☞ BEST AND CHEAPEST.

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## PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the BEST AND CHEAPEST of the lady's-books. It gives more for the money and combines greater merits than any other. In 1885 it will be greatly improved, though already it has the

BEST STEEL-ENGRAVINGS,
BEST COLORED FASHIONS,
BEST DRESS-PATTERNS,
BEST ORIGINAL STORIES,
BEST WORK-TABLE PATTERNS,
BEST MUSIC, Etc., Etc.

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WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS
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**OUR WILD INDIANS**
By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest-selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors, etc., as "*The Best and Finest Illustrated Indian Book Ever Published.*" It takes like wildfire, and Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. 75,000 sold. Its *Great Authorship* and *Solid Merit* make it the *booming book for Agents.* Send for Circulars, Specimen Pats, *Extra Terms*, etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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100 STYLES **ORGANS** $22 TO $900.
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Several webs of Fine Muslin, starched together, form the FABRIC. It is polished on both sides and cut into collars and cuffs with no wrong side. Double use. Adjust perfectly. No rough edges. Worth a trial. Ten for 25 cts, at stores. Two Gold Medals and Bronze Medal awarded at M. C. M. A. Fair, Boston, 1881. Collar and pair cuffs, any size, to try, postpaid for SIX cts. Price and circulars free. Mention this paper. Reversible Collar Co., Factory, Cambridge, Mass.

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**CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!**
INFALLIBLE
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
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Many severe cases.
Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists. BEWARE of IMITATIONS FRAUDS.

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**GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!**
Greatest Inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

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**$60.5 TON WAGON SCALES.**
Beam Box, Tare Beam Freight Paid. Free Price List. Every Size. address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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AGENTS WANTED for two new fast-selling articles. Samples free. C.E. Marshall, Lockport, N.Y.

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$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies' in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO. Philadelphia.

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**Nervous Debility** Quick permanent cure. Book free. Civiale Agency, 161 Fulton St., N.Y.

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**RUPTURE** Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Does at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 851 Arch St., Phila. Send for circulars. Advice free.

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**SEND YOUR NAME**
To C. B. SCHMIDT, Commissioner of Immigration, A. T. & S. F. R. R., Topeka, Kan., and he will send to you FREE, maps, pamphlets, etc., giving information about Lands, Stock-raising, Farming, Fruit-growing, Mining, Manufacturing, etc., in Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California or Old Mexico, and about the splendid opportunities now offered in the Southwest.

# THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Dec., 3, 1884.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.



## Be Smart for Once

and take advantage of

—THE GREAT SPECIAL SALE,—

at

SPIGELMYER'S

"SUPPLY DEPOT,"

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Goods going like "hot cakes," and customers all in good humor.

## For the Holidays at Garmans.

*Artistic Stamping, at low prices, and during Dec. all handkerchiefs bought of us will be stamped free of charge. Plush Petals for making flowers in relief as used in decorative art needle work. All the materials used for Embroidery and fancy work, Tinsel Cord, Chenille, Arasene, fine Coin Purses, Toilet sets in Russia Leather and Plush Bronze goods, now just the thing for presents. Ash Receivers, Bronze Placques, Mirrors, etc. In Zephyrs and yarns we carry a magnificent line. In Seal Caps, for men and boys, our line is large. In Handkerchiefs we start at 3 cents; most popular linen will sell at 12½ cents; Ladies' colored border usual price, 25 cents. We only ask you to call and we are positive you will not regret it.*

*D. GARMAN & SON.*

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte,* 1884.


## LOCAL ITEMS.

Solve the great puzzle at the Bee Hive.

Bronze and plush goods—Garmans.

Stamping at Garmans.

—The reunion of the 131st Regiment, P. V., takes place at Lewistown on December 13.

—Lilly, a little daughter of fever, a Fisher, of Zion, died of typhoid Dr. P. S few days ago.

—Mrs. Dopp, wife of ex-judge Dopp, of Mt. Eagle, died last week, aged 80 years.

Artistic stamping, all the novelties in embroidering material, many choice presents suitable for the holidays—Garmans.

—Who kills the biggest porkers this fall, and makes the largest sausages and eats the greatest number of inches? The latter we offer a prize of the REPORTER three months gratis.

—Aaronsburg was enlivened by a pleasant wedding last week. The contracting parties were Miss Lizzie Shafer and a Mr. Chelley, of Juniata county.

—The station buildnig is up. Grenoble's grain house is completed. Yony Deininger is getting material on the ground for his plaining mill—things generally are booming out by the railroad.

—Mr. J. O. Deininger is having material hauled on his lot near the station for the plaining mill he intends erecting.

—Read the advertisement of Kennedy, jeweler, in another column. We know that Mr. Kennedy keeps first-class goods.

Finest display of holiday goods ever shown in Centre county, now opened at the Bee Hive one price stores.

There are many cases of scarlet fever, diphtheria and typhoid fever at Huntingdon Furnace, Huntingdon county.

—Gents and boys, remember that Wolfs are selling clothing at from 25 to 50 per cent. of a reduction. You can save money by buying of them.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Rumberger died last Thursday at the residence of Joseph Grazier, her son-in-law, near Gatesburg, Centre county. This venerable lady was a sister of Michael Funk, living at Warriorsmark, and was almost 96 years of age at the time of her death.

If you want to save money on bed blankets and haps, go to the Bee Hive.

All handkerchiefs bought of us during December will be stamped free of charge —Garmans. 3

—A new stable has already taken the place of the burned one on Neff's lot. Mr. John Sankey bossed it thro' in short order.

—A short time ago a man entered the Beaver Dam tunnel with two mules, and just about that time an unexpected train came along. The man succeeded in turning aside with one animal, but the other mule got muleish and refused to get off the track. Of course a dead mule was the result.

—If you want a nice Christmas suit for your little boy, cheap, and of the latest style, go to Lewins & Co., they can please you and also the little fellow. A nice suit is the most sensible Christmas gift you can give a boy. The assortment of men's and boys' clothing is unsurpassed at the Philad. Branch, and bargains to astonish you.

—Mingle's shoe store has the biggest run because it always offers the best bargains in boots and shoes, and keeps the largest and best assortment, whether for men, women or children. Any boot or shoe purchased at Mingle's, in the Brockerhoff house block, will be warranted and money refunded when not found as represented.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—A 2-story dwelling house and lot, nearly new, corner lot, with good stable, fruit and water, on Church street, for sale. Apply at this office. 3dec3m

## DEATH OF W. H. STROHM.

We learn the following particulars of the accidental death of W. H. Strohm, Esq., from the Red Cloud (Neb.) *Chief*, of Nov. 14: On last Tuesday afternoon the city of Red Cloud was terribly shocked over the accidental death, by shooting, of W. H. Strohm, one of our prominent attorneys, and a well-know citizen, while out on a hunting excursion with Messrs. James Potter, John Garber, F. A. Durrie, E. M. Perkins and M. Birney. on the south side of the river. Upon investigation it was learned that the deceased and the balance of the party had separated as is the general custom with hunters, Mr. Birney and the deceased being together, and about one mile away from the others. When the accident occurred, it seems that they were in a draw, and that their dogs had sent some quail at the top of a very steep hill a short distance away, they were therefore in the act of going up this hill with their guns on their shoulders, the hammers raised ready for immediate use, Mr. Birney was leading it appears, and Mr. Strohm following behind, when suddenly and without a moment's warning, while passing under the branches of a tree the right tricker of the barrel of Mr. Birney's gun became entangled in a twig and was simultaneously discharged, the contents of the entire load taking effect in Mr. Strohm's head causing him to fall insensible to the ground. As quick as possible Mr. Birney ran to where the ballance of the party were and informed them of the calamity, and a few minutes later they were by his side, but too late to render aid. He was carried to Mrs. Taylor's residence some distance from the scene of the accident, where his spirit winged its flight into the great hereafter. As soon as possible word was brought to Red Cloud and his friends notified of the accident, on receipt of which several gentlemen were dispatched to bring his remains to Red Cloud, the sad party arriving about 8 p. m.

W. H. Strohm was a native of Pennsylvania, and was born at Centre Hill, January 20, 1847. At the age of 16 he entered the army and served until the close of the rebellion. After which he became a student at Williamsport Seminary, where he graduated in 1870, and a year later was married to Miss Emma Albright, at Lewistown, Pa., and about 1877 he came west and located in Red Cloud, where he has since followed the practice of law.

—Mrs. Sarah Lane, widow of Rev. P. P. Lane, a former well-known Lutheran minister in Perry and York counties, was struck by a freight train on Wednesday, Nov. 26, while crossing the Penn'a R. R. track at Newport and was so badly injured that she died within an hour after the accident.

Rev. Lane was pastor of the Centre Hall Lutheran charge about 22 years ago, and will be remembered by most of the people of our valley.

—While David Gates, of Mill Creek, was returning from a hunting trip last week, he accidentally let the gun drop from his shoulder, and it was discharged, the charge entering the calf of the left leg, striking the bone and passing out the other side. Both bones were shattered. It was feared the limb would have to be amputated, but at last accounts he was getting along very well, and amputation is not now considered necessary.

Headquarters for holiday goods at J. D. Long's, Spring Mills. Call and see them.

—The Watsontown boots are sold at Wolfs, and are warranted. Also the Woonsocket rubber boots and New Brunswick rubbers. These makes are all first class.

All handkerchiefs bought at the Bee Hive, one price stores, until January 1, stamped free of charge.

—The Lutheran congregation of Centre Hall have purchased the property on the corner opposite the bank from Mr. Wolf, for their new church—it is the corner formerly known as the Felmlee stand.

—Monday morning a thin snow covered the ground.

—Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

—Recent callers at the "Reporter" office: Ed. Krumrine, dealer in implements, Lewisburg; Esq. Rishel, of Gregg, and G. W. Spangler, of Tussyville.

—One of Mr. Daniel Wian's most valuable horses died about a week ago.

Have you seen the 75c and $1 horse blankets at the Bee Hive?

— J. B. Solt is running Grenoble's coal business at the railroad station.

—A house and lot, situated on one of the best parts of Church street, is advertised for sale in another column.

Plush, felt, cotton and wool canvas; burlaps, arasene, chenille, filling, embroidery, knitting silk, plush balls, etc. —Garmans. 3

—Tuesday was a remarkably fine day.

—G. W. Stover has been appointed constable for Millheim.

—Wm. Pealer intends opening a new store at Spring Mills soon.

$500 REWARD.—The undersigned offers a reward of $500 to any one who will bring evidence within a reasonable time to convict any party or parties that set fire to the mill of the undersigned, or that the books of the undersigned were not burned and were seen in the hands of any one after the fire.

26nov1m SIMON RUBLE.

—The one time of the year in particular that you should have your table supplied with the finest, best and purest groceries is the holiday season, and the only reliable place to get such goods is at Sechlers. They have laid in a special stock for Christmas among which are the finest confectioneries, nuts, fruits, raisins, oranges and lemons.

—The Philad. Branch is just getting a new stock of ready-made clothing for the holiday trade. If you want something nice in that line for yourself, or as a Christmas gift for a friend, go to the Philad. Branch, you will get what you want and save a handsome sum of money besides.

Your tooth is too sound to be extracted, yet you cannot endure the agony it is inflicting. Your only recourse is a bottle of Zingari Toothache Drops. Relief certain, and costs only 15 cents.

Sold at Murrays.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,

3dec2 Philadelphia Agents.

Stamping at low rates—Garmans. 3

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

## FROM NEBRASKA.

SHELL CREEK, Neb., Nov. 16.

Nebraska, up to this time, had summer weather. Our fruit trees have not shed their leaves, but last night they were cooked I 'spose. The weather today is some thing like snow; should not wonder if Penn'a had a storm. Wild geese and ducks are coming in by the thousand. Our farmers are husking corn and filling their cribs. Nebraska farmers crib their corn in open cribs, 8 feet wide, posts in the ground, no floor, no roof. One-fourth of the farmers having no cribs, throw the corn on the ground, and when done husking build a wire fence around the corn. If men of small means come to this part of the world they can get nice homes for themselves. There are several farms for sale near here—price from $1,500 up, containing 120 acres. Two of those join, each 120 acres, $2,500, per farm. If any of your readers desire to correspond in regard to farms they can do so by writing to me.

SAM'L KRADER.

## QUITE A NEW IDEA.

Seeing only is believing. And if you go to Powers & Son, and see their immense stock of boots, shoes, rubbers and gum boots, for men women and children, it is then you will believe what they are too modest to boast of, namely, that they have as large a stock as three or four stores put together. They do not speak of having the largest stock but they ask all to call and see fullwell knowing that others will then say it for them, and they prefer having it made known in that way. Powers & Son do not talk about selling low; they simply ask people to examine their prices and that will suffice to have it carried abroad that there is not a shoe store in this or any adjoining county that offers better bargains or better goods, and they ask nobody to buy without first convincing a customer by letting him see for himself that their assortment is unsurpassed, goods genuine and prices the lowest. Go and see for yourselves, they take pleasure at all times in showing.

—Our black silks at $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2.25 are guaranteed not to crack or wear shiny—Bee Hive.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

—Headquarters for clothing, boots and shoes at J. D. Long's, Spring Mills.

### MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Dec. 1, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

| | | Chicago. | Philadelphia |
|---|---|---|---|
| Corn | | 34½ | —45½ |
| Wheat | " | 73¼ | —79¼ |
| Oats | " | 25¾ | — 33¼ |
| Pork | " | 10.90 | |
| Lard | " | 6.67½ | |

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

### LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 25c to 30c; young chickens, per pair, 50c; beans, per peck, 20c; eggs, 28c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; fish, per pound, 12c; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; apple butter, per qt., 15c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13c.

### SPRING MILLS MARKET.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wheat—Red | $ 78 |
| White & Mixed | 75 |
| Rye | 55 |
| Corn, shelled, and ears old | 70 |
| Oats | 30 |
| Buckwheat | 50 |
| Barley | 50 |
| Cloverseed | 5 50 |
| Timothy seed | 1 40 |
| Plaster, ground per ton | 9 00 |
| Flour, per barrel | 5 00 |
| Roller Flour, per barrel | 6 50 |

Butter, 22; tallow, 6; lard, 9; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 24 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

BOB-SLEDS, on hand and for sale cheaper than elsewhere, made of best material, same also made to order on short notice, at the shops of J. B. Ream & Son, Farmers Mills. 22oct2m

Congress met on Monday and the President sent in his last annual message. It is lengthy and relates mainly to the affairs of the government.

## MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY!

A FINE AND COSTLY DOLL, large and pretty as a real baby, to be chanced for, between now and New Years, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

.....O.....

Cedars, Bellefonte, have just unpacked the finest TOYS for boys and girls ever brought to Bellefonte. If you want something to please the little ones during the holidays, go to Cedars for it, by all means.

.....O.....

CONFECTIONERIES for the Holidays, of all grades, from the finest to the lowest, qualities, the sweetest and largest lot ever brought to this county, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

.....O.....

NUTS of all kinds and from every land, for the Holidays, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

.....O.....

GO TO CEDARS if you want to buy a nice Christmas gift, in the line of Toys, Fine Candies, Nuts—they have an immense stock for the Holidays, and it will pay just to call and see the pretty and good things they have.

.....O.....

DO YOU want to take a chance in a drawing for the prettiest DOLL you ever saw? go to Cedars, 25 cts. a chance.

## CHRISTMAS ITEMS

A fine selection of silk handkerchiefs and gent's neck-wear, for the holidays, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

An immense stock of the best styles youths' and boys' caps, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

Buffalo and wolf robes, lap robes, and horse blankets of all grades, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

A large stock of flanel shirts, at Guggenheimers.

.....O.....

Hides of all kinds wanted at Guggenheimers, and highest market price in Cash paid for same.

.....O.....

Guggenheimers is the only exclusive leather store in Centre county. 3d'c.tf

It is now proposed to make a tunnel and railway through the Spliigen. The project is regarded with great favor by those interested in Lombardian railways, and support is looked for from Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and other parts of Germany. The estimated cost of the whole work is about $16,200,000.

Grehant and Quinquand say that subcutaneous injections of increasing doses of aqueous solutions of pure urea invariably terminated in tetanic convulsions and death. The convulsions resembled those produced by strychnine, and were followed by death in the course of from one to ten hours.

A system of rails for street railways, introduced by M. Marsillon, is under trial by the Compagnie des Omnibus, of Paris. It consists of an ordinary bridge rail and counter rail longitudinal sleeper, The absence of wood makes the system a very durable one, but it is very inelastic.

M. P. Cazeneuve shows that the method of sterilizing liquids containing ferments by means of gypsum filters is open to certain objections. It keeps back soluble ferments and a very considerable proportion of albuminoid matters. Thus, for example, blood so treated is not merely deprived of living organisms which may have been present, but undergoes other changes.

Cast iron, says M. L. Forquignon, if heated for several days to a temperature of from about 900° to 1,000° centigrade, neither melts nor softens, but is converted into malleable iron. Its surface is covered with a grayish efflorescence. Its fracture is sometimes of a uniform black like that of a lead pencil, and sometimes riddled with large black points which are regularly distributed in the metallic paste.

In a note upon astronomical measurements, and especially on the choice of a common meridian, M. A. d'Abbadie pronounces in favor of the west coast of Flores, one of the Azores, for the chief meridian, or else for its ante-meridian, should the latter be preferred. He also proposes the adoption of a unit of 10,000 kilometres for the measurement of celestial spaces, this unite to be called a megiste, from the Greek *megiston*.


HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1102 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 22apr4m


Headquarters for embroidery material —Garmans. 3

LOST.—A 1½ year old bull, with white under the belly has been missing since June. The finder will be suitably rewarded by reporting to undersigned. JOHN GUISER, Hublersburg. 3t

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

## MARRIED.

On Nov. 20, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Benj. Hengst, Prof. Harry J. Kurzenknabe, of Harrisburg, Pa., to Miss Lizzie Bell, only daughter of Jonathan and Susan Harter, of Millheim, Pa.

On Nov. 27, by Rev. A. Yearick, at the home of the bride, Mr. Peter G. Chelley, of Richfield, Juniata county, and Miss Lizzie A. Shaffer, of Aaronsburg.

On same day and by same, Luther M. Stover and Miss Alice J. Haeffley, both of Aaronsburg.

On Nov. 27, by Rev. F. Aurand, Mr. George B. Winters, of Rebersburg, and Miss Elvina E. Haeffley, of Aaronsburg.

On Dec. 2, by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. William C. Lauck and Miss Susan Roup, both from near State College.

## DIED.

On Nov. 22, at Aaronsburg, Mrs. Elibabeth Mingle Corman, in the 77th year of her age. Interment in the Millheim cemetery Tuesday following. Deceased was the mother of S. Q., David and Abs. Mingle.

In Green twp., Clinton county, on Nov. 13, Mrs. Catharine Gramly, consort of Daniel Gramley, deceased, aged 74 years, 1 month, 28 days.

At Chatham's Run, Clinton county, Nov. 13, Clarence, son of Harrison and Ellen Cryder, aged 3 months, 27 days.

On the 20th Nov., of peritonitis, Annie Lilac Fisher, youngest daughter of Dr. P. S. Fisher, of Zion, aged 10 years, 2 months.

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, on or about Oct. 1, a brindle heifer about two years old, with nick cut out of left ear. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same. WM. LOSE,

3dec3t Gregg twp.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphan's Court of Centre County, in the matter of the estate of Hugh Laurrimore, deceased:

The undersigned, an auditor appointed to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of the Administrators of Hugh Laurrimore, dec'd, and make distribution to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will be in his office at Bellefonte, Friday, Dec. 19, 1884, at 10 a. m., when and where all in interest may attend. ELLIS L. ORVIS,

3dec td Auditor.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale on the premises, in Potter township, on SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1884, the following valuable property of the late Rob't Lee:

All that certain plantation and tract of land situated in Potter twp., 2 miles west of Potters Mills and 3½ miles from Centre Hall railroad station, on Lewisburg & Tyrone R. R., bounded on the north by lands of Geo. Reiber, on the east by lands of Wm. Boal, on south by Wm. Boal and J. Y. Glassgo, and on the west by lands of R. Lee, Jas. Glassgo and others, containing 119 acres and 114 perches, thereon erected a good 2-story frame dwelling house, good, large bank barn, and all needed outbuildings, with good orchard, an excellent well and running water.

ALSO, at the same time and place, all that certain tract now occupied by Jacob Lee, bounded as follows: On the north by John Mersinger, east by Rob't Lee, south by R. Lee and Jas. Glassgo, west by J. Allison and D. Horner, containing 71 acres and 75 perches, net. Thereon a weather boarded, 2-story log house, and a new bank barn, and all necessary outbuildings.

ALSO a tract of timber land, belonging to the last named, containing 11 acres and 153 perches, bounded by lands of Wm. Colyer, R. Lee's estate, and by mountain and David Young.

Terms—½ cash on confirmation of sale; balance in two annual payments, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

WM. J. THOMPSON,
Adm'r of Rob't Lee, Potters Mills.

## ZAANDAM WINDMILLS.

Zaandam is rather an important place. Many ships and boats are built there, many windmills thresh the air with their white arms, and when they don't do that they saw wood and pump water. Its inhabitants are fearfully rich; at every jaunty villa we came to, our guide stopped us to impress upon us some notion of its owner's wealth: "All these rich people are widmillers." He could speak tolerable English, so we were spared the wild pantomime which, when expressive of four hundred windmills, takes some considerable room in a village street. We were ferried over the watery avenue, which seems to be really the main thoroughfare of the town. There were the mills, sure enough, miles of them—some four, I think—on each side of the way, as far into the dim distance as the eye could reach. It looked like a lesson in perspective, to try for the exact vanishing point.

If any one desires to see Holland from its windmilly side, let that person by all means come to Zaandam, and be surfeited forever after. They all seemed to be thriving and flourishing, too; and when a windmilly town does flourish, it is (from a flourishing point of view) a thing to remember. It seems to lack reposefulness, if one cares for it, but for one of an active temperament it is highly stimulating. It is not the place for a moony or absentminded person, as there is always a chance of being brained by the merry wind-sail, unless one is somewhat alert.

There seems to be an unfathomable variety of individual taste in the matter of adorning and decorating some of these mills. They were nearly all as bright as paint or wash of every known hue could make them. None of the æsthetic, faded-leaf tones here, either, but good, riotous, roaring reds, greens and blues, that seemed to sit at once on any mild talk of "broken tints" or "melting combinations." Somehow they seemed to get the right tone under that delicious gray-blue haze that hangs so often over the landscape in Holland. Many mills had their little flower-gardens running down to the river's edge, and the little summer-house overhanging the water, with its inevitable little motto expressive of the owner's sweet content, like "Lust in Rust," which at first sight looks like bad and improper English. It only means rustic felicity. Here sit Van Dunk and friends in the shades of evening, smoking their pipes, sipping their beverages, and listening to the frogs.

## THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

A little past 9 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 13, 1782, the battering ships opened fire, the King's bastion and the Orange bastion, on the sea face, being the principal objects of their attack. The first mischance was that a brisk southwest wind sprang up, and hindered the co-operation of the gun boats. Secondly, the English refused to consider the fire of the land batteries at all, and directed every gun and man possible against the battering ships. Means for heating shot had been prepared, and the red hot shot were fired with the same vivacity and skill as the cold. The Spanish prisoners afterward complained bitterly that they had been told that the fire of hot shot could not be long maintained. In the afternoon the enemy was in visible trouble. In the evening he was silenced, and by the early morning of the 14th eight out of the ten ships were in flames. The remaining two took fire subsequently, and the 14th was passed by the naval brigade in rescuing the remains of the crews under a sullen fire from the batteries upon the isthmus. Some slight damage had been done to the fortifications, but the loss of the garrison was only 16 killed and 68 wounded. They had had only 96 guns in action, and had fired more than 8,300 rounds. The superiority of guns on shore over shipping, both of the old type, was never more decisively shown. In the first moment of angry disappointment the Spaniards wished to attempt the garrison by a general assault from sea and land. Fortunately for them they were overruled by the Duke de Crillon, who refused to expose the line-of-battle ships and soldiers to certain destruction. Though the siege was formally continued until the peace in 1783, active operations were at an end. One more extraordinary design was indeed entertained and partially executed. Miners were sent in the night to a point close under the northeastern part of the rock, where the guns of the garrison could barely touch them, and instructed to mine the place. This magnificent futility of attempting to blow the face of a mountain into the air by a gallery at its foot had actually been tried before in the short siege of 1727. The garrison were content with annoying with musketry all who showed themselves, and with blowing showers of stones down on them by the explosion of small charges of powder in the face of the rock.

A systematic spirit is one of the chief pre-requisites to all good conversation. No matter what natural gifts a man may possess, what depths of thought, or breath of knowledge, or brilliance of expression, if he does not interest himself in other people, look at things from their stand-point, share in their feelings, and be as ready and glad to listen cordially as to talk freely, he will never be a good converser.

Stamping at half regular rates—Garmans. 3

Holiday goods—Garmans. 3

## SUICIDE IN MIFFLINTOWN.

Mifflintown, Pa., December 1.—Henry Mitchell was found in a dying condition in his room in the National House at this place this forenoon. He had taken a room, but not getting up until a late hour and investigation resulted in finding him lying on his face in bed breathing his last from the effects of an over-dose of laudanum.


"Lapeer, Mich., Feb. 2, '81.—I am in receipt of your circular. I keep a good supply of your Downs' Elixir (all the sizes,) believing it to be the best Cough Remedies put up. I also keep Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment.

U. D. BRISTOL, Druggist."

The above named remedies are all warranted to give satisfaction, and can be found in any first class drug store.

All the little notions—Garmans.

Velvets and plushes—Garmans.

Silk handkerchiefs—Garmans.

Visit Garmans.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.


ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Jacob McCool, of Gregg township, Centre county, Pa., on the 3d day of November, A. D., 1884, made an assignment for the benefit of creditors to the undersigned, which said assignment has been duly recorded. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Jacob McCool will please arrange the same promptly, and those having claims will please present the same duly authenticated for settlement. JNO. GROVE,

Nov. 17, 84. 3t Assignee.


SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

ESTABLISHED 1846

The most popular Weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication, furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discount to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 261 Broadway, N. Y.

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Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantage of such notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents.

Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 261 Broadway, New York.


CAUTION.—Having purchased the following articles at constable's sale, all persons are cautioned against meddling with the same, as they will be left in the possession of Charles Madira, at my pleasure, viz: One cow, 1 calf, 4 hogs, 4 beds and bedding, tabels, corner cupboard, 7 dozen chairs, lot of carpet, washstand, queensware, clock, cooking stove, and doughtray.

J. D. LONG,

5nov3t Spring Mills.


KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that *do not cure,* that a *Positive, Sure,* and

NEVER-FAILING CURE

will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier has NEVER failed in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease, and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. *It is perfectly harmless.* Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l F. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. Take no other, for it is the only preparation that *reaches and cures.* Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Cause, Nature, Symptoms and Cure of Catarrh. It contains testimonials of authentic and genuine cures. It is also the Best Blood Purifier in the market. For sale by Druggists generally. Wholesale by SAM'L F. KELLER & Co., Harrisburg, Pa.; also by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., and SMITH, KLINE & Co., Philad'a, Pa.


ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, on or about Sept. 15, a dark brown heifer, about 9 months old, with a star on forehead, and part of tail white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same.

19oct3t WM. A. BOAL,
Potter Township.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1¾ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very destrable home. J. W. MERSINGER,

27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.


The Grandest Popular Work Ever Published.
Many Years in Preparation. At Last Completed.
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